

OCTOBER 1969 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 35¢

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MACLEAN'S Canada Report

MACLEAN'S REPORTS OCTOBER 1968

A NEW DIRECTION
FOR THE
NEW DEMOCRATS:

LEFT!

One thousand determined men and women meet in Winnipeg this month to prove that W. A. C. Bennett was wrong when he boasted he had "saved all Canada from socialism." They are delegates to the policy conference of our perennial Tomorrow Party, the NDP, a movement that has struggled within sight of power several times within the past 30 years, only to see the vision fade. They alighted it in British Columbia until Bennett fogged the view with a propaganda assault upon socialist "barbarians at the gate," though they were more accurately a mild reformist party led by a small-l liberal lawyer seeking to duplicate the successful Manitoba campaign of fellow moderate Ed Schreyer. But if the degree of "socialism" in the well-organized party Bennett defeated is questionable, there is no question that a real socialist thrust is shaping up at Winnipeg. Even before the BC disaster, strong NDP voices were calling for more radical policies, the disaster made them more insistent. They were urging a new direction for the '70s, a program that would confront issues all parties have shrunk from — such issues as the foreign control of our resources and manufacturing, and the plight of the individual in a computerized, corporate world. Such a program is needed, Winnipeg delegates will be told, to bring the young, the bright and the concerned out of dissent on the streets and campuses and into the political process. It is this demand that makes the NDP today something more than a party nursing battle wounds. It could make it a source of revitalizing debate among Canadians.

After BC: "Wait till you hear the Left insist we stress socialist policies now"

Schreyer won power, which is not an NDP badge, is not by avoiding the word "socialist" like the plague. He became the Golden Boy of those in the party who will resist any move to the left, in a debate that surfaced at the NDP policy convention in Winnipeg, October 25-27. Ed Berger, who led the British Columbia NDP, was cast for another Golden Boy role, but Premier W. A. C. Bennett dealt crushingly with that on August 27. British Columbia spared the Manitoba description of youth, a new face, and studied moderation — Berger is 36, was leader only two April and didn't even mention in his campaigning the spreading foreign ownership of BC's resources. Bennett, 69, in power 17 years, wielded a newly expressed campaign slogan: what he called the threat of a takeover by "Marxist socialism" in Canada's own free-enterprise California. He eliminated Berger and reduced the NDP from 17 to

11 seats, with a severe campaign assisted by businessmen spending big in newspapers and broadcasting air.

"What till you hear the Left insist we stress socialist policies now," asked Gordon Hughes, Ontario NDP organizer who worked in the BC campaign. "Look where moderation got us." And except other NDP leaders agree that the BC devastating strengthens those who would make Canadian sovereignty, through public ownership and/or control of corporations, the central issue of the '70s. Schreyer intends to work differently, to "start programs of social reform in a moderate way," to end moderate programs, set up a government intervention plan, help Manitoba's more than 10,000 Indians and Métis with schools and industries where they live.

BY COURTNEY TOWER

But Schreyer is unlikely to appear a glamorous package to the 3,000 delegates who will gather in Winnipeg's Civic Auditorium, a 1932 steel project that transmits the motto: Commerce, Progress, Industry. Through a national Gallup Poll taken before the BC election but shows NDP support at 34 percent, its highest since the fall of 1967 (when it reached 24), all other indicators supported the case for a new policy direction. The 25 colleagues former MP Schreyer left behind as Parliament Hill went into a tiny third form. The party had lost ground in crucial Ontario cities in Trudeau's sweep of '68. It was nowhere in the Maritimes or Quebec. And there was the leadership problem, which Winnipeg would not resolve. (Timothy Douglas, 65, and no longer credible for the Trudeau years, would seldom on credit a leadership convention in 1971.) Main issue, the party was still shaky in finance, support and membership. In 1968 it polled only 1,340,000 votes, 17 percent of the total. That election left it

With the rapture of Trudeauism waning, the intellectuals were seeping back to the NDP.

\$106,000 in debt and membership loss being in only \$200,000 a year. The massive media-media base anticipated by the NDP's founding (liberals in 1963 never mentioned. (Today's party membership of 350,000 includes only 260,000 of Canada's 2,000,000 trade unionists.) But there were hints of change in the wind. One last was the national political situation, the other the beginnings of a searching party debate into the problems and programs of the '70s.

Trudeauism was waning, echoed as the wheat-planted prairie, with no sign that Robert Stanfield's Conservatives, ambivalent to the great cities, could exploit the disorientation. Though Trudeau had maintained his personal charisma, he had appeared steadily more reserved as his approach to the nation's economic and social problems. "He's the Harbort Hoover of Canada," Timothy Douglas proclaimed. And, said party secretary Clifford Siskin, the intellectuals were seeping back to the NDP, responding to new concerns.

Foreign followers of Canadiana enterprises rose to 159 in 1968 (from 85 in 1967, 70 in 1965, 57 in 1963) and the financial home of Royal Securities Ltd. had become a U.S. subsidiary. Even so, dear as not unwise, 1,355 Antiochians — as against 362 Canadians — were appointed to Canadian university posts in 1968.

After Tommy, a man for all factions?

The greatest need of the NDP today is a fresh and strongly attractive leader. The man it will choose may be an unknown today. But some likely candidates are known — and they will be watched at Winnipeg for clues to their ability to lead the party from 1971. Here is a guide to who they are and what they stand for.



Charles Taylor, 37



Douglas Fisher, 50

Student of McGill professor Tull, came to prominence as physician, physician in medicine. Bilingual and bilingual, but has been beaten three times in a Montreal riding. An Establishment favorite. He says "What's important is that the great corporations are not all based on government, which must control what they do."

A big (six-foot-four) rumped, roll-year-old-man (not of man, but noble) Executive MP for Fort Arthur (1937-63); he topped C. D. Howe. Quot in some newspaper columns. After to battle Trudeau in Commons. Writes about "the way Trudeau is giving authority to the provinces. He's dividing up Canada into a National Form."



John Hume, 38



Ed Broadbent, 33

Ontario secretary of the NDP. Former English professor. Quebec-born, formerly bilingual, socialist, win-lose. Ideologically close to Taylor, but even closer on public ownership. He says "Our real function is to represent the working people, the well-paid ones and the poor."

Attorney, MP for Ontario, advocate of workers' control in industry. Experienced, but "in two years — who knows?" He says "Canadians need a redistribution of power through trade unions bargaining for control of investments, prices and product design, not just wages and pensions."



Lester LaPierre, 39



David Lewis, 60

Former McGill professor and Social Days Unit, now a TV executive. Could's first elected in Quebec. Emotional speaker, hard worker, has lived 100s in many ridings. Not favored by Establishment. He says "I think only the NDP is capable of creating Canada. To do that the NDP must change and is change. The NDP must force a new alliance."

Probably too old to get the job. Great political organizer, the Mr. Post of CCF-Union member in 1961. Long the hammer of the radicals, has grown less orthodox since entering parliament in 1962. ally seeking for Timothy Douglas in 1968. He says "The rule is property is getting less and less important. It's how a government makes the managerial class act Canadian." D

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10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 277, 1996, 1211-1212.



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MAGKAYS REPORTS, OCTOBER 1992

●There is no room in Canada today for a third party in the liberal centre●

the 1965-66 academic year. Since the Liberal government had reneged on Walter

The prodigals returned in time to join a contentious debate within the party, a

debate that will be helplessly reported because of the secular party's historical function as an arena: signaling new ideas in Canadian politics. Winnipeg says the NDP never fervently looked in mirrored debate that any conference since the one was formed in 1961.

Three points are at issue:
HOW CAN CANADA preserve an industrial and business system that Canadians will own and control?
 of the "middle group" of moderately affluent workers, clerks and technicians with the organized working class to produce a left party that eventually would

HOW CAN CANADIANS, and not just America contributors, control the situation?

How to lose an election by trying very, very hard



Candidate Larry Garner, vice teacher and dues-paying union's ready to win

party in BC, the friendly giant (six-foot-six, 340 pounds) was new to politics but a widely known social worker. Ed Deneault, 32, a lawyer known for defending hippies, was more experienced, he had lost in the last two federal elections. Their budget was \$61,086. From a dayg former favourite son on Granville Street, Gordon Ingleton NDP organizer in Ontario, ran the 166-odd members of the 1944 club. Mrs. Knudsen

members of the 104th Airborne Division, helped English's paratrooper-wounded army (revealed that night's war) and beachside bargains to convert people's intentions and to distribute literature, rather than to convert. They returned at least five times, and they had every possible value hand up on cards. They distributed 90,000 leaflets, in English, Chinese and Italian, 1,500 car-bumper strips, 3,000 news agency, 1,000 window cards.

Barnes and Devereil toured the beach, shook hands outside supermarkets and a bus stop. In Gaskown, they toured seed pits, where red, drunk people used, "I wish you, Emery" but were unlikely to re-

Taylor argues that Canada's economic problems derive in part from the fact that corporate capitalism in Canada, mostly American-owned, generates its own funds here. It creates the Canadian money where, how and when it sees fit. It may be producing a mushroom crop of branch plants in suburban Toronto at a time when such plants could provide desperately needed jobs and prosperity if they were located in the Maritimes.

Taylor is no doctrinaire nationalist — "We can't nationalize without compensation or the Marinos will be hurt" — but he would restore control of the economy to Canada by government price controls on strategic goods (steel, oil, aluminum, gas), controlling the corporations' disposition of their reserve funds by means of investment licenses, setting

member. They lunched in Chantown with Tom Singer, whose fortune cookie told him "Market conditions have changed." Singer had previously predicted 27 NASDAQ gains.

On election day, 51,000 volunteers were at work in BC, as drivers of 5,000 cars, scrutineers, runners. About 480 were in Vancouver Centre. They checked and re-checked on straggling voters. Clive Arnold was pressed to drink liquor-free wine at \$30 a pop by a studious dame who insisted to vote but was worried that an NDP government might cause a depression. Andy Miller found a man drunk in bed on June 10, P-33, held him upright while he voted and took him home. Another threw clothes on a woman who answered her door, gave him the secret to

Barnes and Dorewell lost, by about 1,200 votes. At a walk-in at the Fishermen's Hall, the Vancouver Centre crew bought drinks at three for a dollar (Sonsal Creditors drank five champagne at the Bapheine Inn) and sang *We Shall Overcome*. Twenty-six new members were recruited, and Emory Barnes exhorted them all to "keep the fish" (At midnight he was selling the dwindling stock. "That and I have a plan...").

A literary voice shouted angrily, "On to Bushachewas!" (where an election is expected in 1970 or 1971) but no one took up the cry. In the light of the previous-wide debate, Barnes and Dawson had done rather well. Their organization and people power were good, but they were beaten by an idea. — W. A. C. Bennett's idea of the "Golden Marches" — that was superior, manurey and expensively propagated. An idea well said had become the best of organizations; partly president John Laxton admitted it. It was a problem that the whole party would have to face in its Winnipeg debate. □

as a Canadian Development Fund to start investment projects in poor regions or places where the corporations were disinclined to pull out. Alongside the moderate establishment, Taylor would emphasize People Power — in municipalities, school boards, industrial management. He would create a new set of government — the urban neighborhood — to create more leverage for the newly solvent poor by giving them a power base in these political standards — a new national and a new participatory — that Taylor and those to the left of him set against the pragmatic Keynesians that "business will play ball." Those broad means are desirable.

THE CENTRE: A large grouping that includes Taylor and most current leadership candidates. It includes a group that is nearly far more emphatic on nationalism, People Power, government control of the economy.

THE RIGHT: That group sees the important thing is to get elected, it cherishes leadership. It includes a powerful contingent of trade union leaders,

The NDP's strength comes from workers like Sam Easser



THE REAL STRENGTH of the NDP, and its predecessor, the CCF, has always been the quality of its rank and file — the men and women who stuff envelopes, knock do doors and perform the thousand thankless tasks of everyday democracy, not far as promised reward, but as an act of faith. Such a worker is a 35-year-old Sam Easser, who has laboured for Canadian socialism almost since the day he arrived in Toronto in 1965, a bewildered Russian Jew with no job, little money and less English. He had been a socialist in the Kuznetsov city of Yekaterinburg, where he served his apprenticeship as a machinist, in fact, he was the director for the movement in his area, which entailed stuffing books into the lining of his overcoat and smuggling them from worker to worker under the eyes of the Central police. Easser left Russia when he was 17, just in time to escape conscription into the Czar's army, and came to Toronto, where he set up his own machine shop and gradually gained economic prosperity.

Because he always had a job, even in the hard days of the Depression, Easser could afford to indulge his socialist leanings — far socialism and the trade-union movement. He helped found a number of Toronto unions. He even organized the rallies whose job it was to slaughter meat for the Jewish community. They were highly respected but poorly paid, so Easser helped them affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, and they won decent wages for the first time.

Easser joined the Canadian Socialist Party, and helped make history. Surprised the first socialist mayor of Toronto (They disagreed about joining the Communists in a united labor front during elections, a project Easser violently opposed). Later, Easser and many of the Toronto socialists were expelled from the CCF because they believed it its rigid and doctrinaire approach to politics.

Easser joined the Canadian Labor Party in 1934, the fledgling CCF. He became a kind of ap-

pointed best socialist leader on these trips to Toronto. J. S. Woodsworth was a frequent visitor to the Easser home. "I always remember him as a man carrying two suitcases," Easser recalls. "A man with very little money." Woodsworth's daughter, Grace MacLeod, now NDP member for Vancouver-Kingsway, and her husband, Angus MacLeod, were also frequent visitors.

The CCFers were always broke, and the Eassers helped with food and gifts and money. Once, when they drove J. S. Woodsworth to the train, Mrs. Easser gave him some money for coffee and sandwiches on the trip back to Ottawa. The Eassers' odd manner of Woodsworth's of his girlfriend, Once, during a dinner while discussing seeing the socialist leaders, their daughter Joan interrupted with a question and Mrs. Easser told her, "Little children should be seen and not heard." "Nice," said Woodsworth, and broke off the political discussion to spend five minutes answering the little girl.

The Eassers met most of the socialist movement's leading figures on their trip to Toronto — Earl Browder, Norman Thomas from the U.S. and the Canadian Union, Agnes MacPhail, Frank Scott, M. J. Goldwell, Tommy Douglas and many others. Goldwell favored the Eassers, but didn't live with them. "He is the kind of man," says Easser carefully, "who stays in a hotel. Goldwell was a great politician, Woodsworth was a great man." Tommy Douglas was "an exorbitant young man with a lot of pride." He was not, in Easser's view, a serious socialist.

The same thing can be said of Douglas's party. Easser supports the NDP, but with reservation. Its anti-Americanism strikes him as ludicrous, for any real socialist, there's only one enemy — the capitalists, and certainly a crueler. "The Liberals and socialists are getting pretty close together," he says. "In our time it was a straight fight against the capitalists. It was simpler that way."

EDITORIAL

"Don't call me Pig, you long-haired Punk"

WE LIVE BY WORDS. They are the tools of communication, the means by which we convey to others what we think or feel. They make possible community. But words are not half-bred bridges between individuals; they can be the instruments of alienation. And they have become precisely that in today's vocabulary of dissent and its exposure to that dissent.

In Vancouver a 17-year-old youth calls the Prime Minister a creep while signs describe him as a leader of women. Mr. Trudeau, angered, strikes out. The whole messy scene symbolizes an increasing tendency in our society, if you are in disagreement with the views of others, don't seek rapprochement. Rather, outgrow your opponent with a series of snarl and then wade and fix the gulf between you.

In this time of increasing alienation between groups and individuals the tendency is to reject discussion. Don't seek a middle ground, don't try to get into the other man's skin, don't consider the counter-argument, don't let yourself be confused by other ideas. Find the right opponent and use it to label your opponent. If you can outgrow him, you are one step thinking about him. He is no longer a fellow human, can from the same cloth as you are, he is a faceless Enemy. And dialogue has become impossible.

We are in for a period of intensifying alienation. The society is in transition. Those who want change and are frustrated by the leaders face on which a marcher, vest their indignation on those who prefer the status quo. And they, troubled by the fracturing of comfortable and accustomed structures, see the advocates of change as under-planned and irresponsible. The divergent polarities and the middle ground collapse with one side crying "Anarchists" and the other, "Reactionaries."

The generation gap widens when adults decry teenagers as "dirty, long-haired hippies," a careless pigeonholing that disregards the fact that all long-haired youth are not dirty nor are they hippies. And the young respond by

cutting the hair and shouting, "Square," or by mouthing the idiom, "You can't trust anyone over 30." All police, the good and the bad, become Pigs or Fascist Pigs who in the exercise of their duties inevitably demonstrate Police Brutality. The kids they deal with are Punks. To many, all Quebecers are bomb-blowing separatists who want to lower the French language on every Canadian, while all Anglos are exploiters sucking a chemically colored dry. In the emergency to freedom by the black man, all white men, regardless of where their sympathies lie, become Whitey and when Whitey's blood comes to a boil he reaches back for the word Nigger.

Now is the rhetoric of alienation confined to the classroom. When William Buckley and Gertrude Vial, both master debaters and superbly skilled in the use of English, differ in their views of politics, reason departs. Vial is called a hypocrite and Buckley a crypto-Nazi.

The ugly rhetoric of alienation is not new but the content is. The normal misunderstanding between generations has become distant and the differences in attitude have widened to become a gap. Moreover, when, in any disagreement, the epithets are hurled they are, in the global wings, amplified electronically. When W. A. C. Bennett describes the right moderate socialism of Tom Berger as "Godless Marxism" in the British Columbia election, it is heard not only in a meeting hall but in every living room, and any discussion of the issues becomes irrelevant.

Mr. Trudeau, after the altercation with the youth in Vancouver, issued a statement in which he said he hoped to continue to exchange views publicly with those who claim to have a grievance against the government or the society. He argued that all points of view should have a hearing but that there must be "a willingness to listen and to evaluate the counter arguments." In our desperate society with its increasing violence, no word could be more appropriate. □

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



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Left: 466 stencil duplicator.
Center: 455 Gestetna.
Right: 388 offset.

PLATFORM



All that talk about policy is bunk, says Dalton Camp. It's power the parties are after

THIS AUTUMN finds Canada's political parties deep in thought. The Progressive Conservatives will hold a policy conference at Niagara Falls; the NDP will gather for the same purpose in Winnipeg; while the Liberals will convene at Harrison Hot Springs in beautiful British Columbia. So many politicians thinking at the same time may confirm our increased overall cynicism but presumably at a much of all that the political system will be the better for it.

However, let us be warned away by the notion that we might, after this paroxysm have emerged from their think tanks dropping with fresh policy, be able to know just where they stand on life's pressing problems. It would be wiser to temper their hopeful enthusiasm with realism. Politics is not about policy these days. It is about power — keeping it or securing it. There are smart politicians that political parties may hold power by providing they haven't a notion in their heads about policy, while other political parties have used policy as a springboard to oblivion.

So what are they doing out there — at Niagara Falls, Winnipeg, and Harrison Hot Springs? If you are preparing to attend the Lib and racing, bring along your terms respect. Illustrations of the Liberal attitude to policy being considered within the Policy Council office are too numerous to catalogue here. A few examples should suffice.

"Bares are important. But there is another aspect of our position: one is almost as important. That is leadership. As other style of leadership is what is needed. We have it and we should make the most of it. Our campaign should emphasize (the leader) personally. The team is still important, but it's secondary." — *Yves Keat* address to Liberal workers February 1983.

"Our housing policy can be summarized in three words. *Peace, Elliott Trudeau*." — *Hon. Paul Martin* address to Liberal workers May 1983.

It's appreciated at the present time to say you have to give people a chance to formulate policy. Most people can't become involved at that level — especially young people. All this PC talk about participatory democracy is *King-wash*. — *Senator Keith Darcy*, gave a *several* word. *Thoughts From The Chairman On Toronto Life, January 1983*.

So there you have it, straight from the top — the general issues. Harrison Hot Springs will be agree with mutual admiration, and the comforting knowledge that policy is too important a matter to be left to the politicians.

Such meek wisdom has yet to infiltrate the ranks of the NDP (which you may say: it's why they are not in power), and thus the meeting in Winnipeg will be more than usual — perhaps it may even be antithetical. The Canadian political Left is in a disarray: confusion by anti-ideology and corrupt programs such as *Minister's Private Income*, to identify only one. Yet there is, in the NDP, a growing polarity between the seasoned moderates — the "Liberal-in-a-hurry" generation of trade unionists and intellectual lawyers — and many of the

young, radical radicals who want to re-construct the NDP on the far Left. This anti-generation element looks upon *Timothy Douglas* as younger Tories looked upon John Diefenbaker — a man from an unremembered past, if not from another world. Enthusiastic in their opposition to the *David Lewis* clique within the party they consider the parliamentarianism as nearly synonymous. They want new purpose, policy and leadership. Winnipeg ought to be both interesting and successful.

Leave it to the Tories who also would go to Niagara Falls to think? And yet despite the obvious size of the conference and the mumbled murmurs of the *don't* *Tory* *jabber*, it is probably the most significant of the three meetings. Under study are a multitude of contemporary problems — poverty, pollution, citizen justice, foreign policy, to name a few — but the key to it all is in the person of the conference chairman *Robert L. Stordahl*. Mr. Stordahl would like to achieve full consensus of his party. The gathering at Niagara Falls is a means to that end.

Contemporary historians will recall Mr. Stordahl's speech at the Tory convention in 1967 which according to some was crucial to his success. In it he said that a paraphrase from a fairly good memory) that while the delegates might be interested in the kind of leader he might make for the party, he was more interested in the kind of party he might lead. Stordahl won the convention, but he has yet to be the leader of his kind of party.

Whether or not Niagara Falls turns out to be a watershed for the Conservatives depends on how well the needs of Robert Stordahl and the delegates interact. What he needs is a renewed mandate to lead his own party in the direction bequeathed him by his own intelligence, compassion and conviction. He needs to be able to lead the party in the years he needs now and the next election that he has conducted this exercise in policy review with a highly representative body of the party and that both he and they have made constant noise.

So, we may expect the observations of this thoughtful time of the political parties, each in their way reflecting a lifestyle peculiar to their traditions, each with their own grievances in mind, apart from the declared *not* *of* *policy*. As *William* *the* *Spring*, where the leader's group on his party is about, the proceedings are mainly celebrating celebrations of the *Just Society* in Winnipeg, where the leader's hold on his party is about to be renewed, a political movement struggles for a new identity. And at Niagara Falls, the Tory leader will be searching for the handle by which he may, at long last take hold of his party. □

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1/4 tsp. sugar, 1/4 oz. lemon juice
Shake with crushed ice, strain into glass.
Deliciously different!

COMFORT DISGUISE

2 parts SOUTHERN COMFORT
mixed with 20 parts
1/4 tsp. sugar, 1/4 oz. lemon juice
Shake with crushed ice, strain into
cocktail glass. Sips like lemonade!

COMFORT ORIGINAL

SCARLETT O'HARA
As mixed at Atlanta's, New Orleans.
2 parts SOUTHERN COMFORT
1/4 tsp. sugar, 1/4 oz. lemon juice
Shake with crushed ice, strain into
glass. A drink as controversial
as the French Quarter!

Liqueur? Perhaps, but...



*Highball
Comfort and Cola
Comfort in Tonic
Sensuous
Comfort Sour
Old-Fashioned
Comfort in Ginger
Dorquoise
Comfort Collins*

Chesterfield Blended Whisky • Golden Thread, Plain Brandy • Absolut Vodka • J. & W. Peckham

over, but would reduce the NDP in the province of Ontario's other political parties it would waste to have any drama ideological base to justify its striving for electoral success.—JEFF MARSHALL, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

Marching marston

At \$4,500,000 the 1970 Chrysler's first quarter sale was held in 1968 when a group of Toronto young people came up with Operation Blotto. The idea was picked up by the Ontario SHARPE-CANADA Youth Committee. In April 1969 the Ontario Motor Vehicle Manufacturers Association (OMVMA) co-sponsored by the SHARPE-CANADA Youth Committee and Chrysler launched off a national program of sponsored walks, which has now led into a march and rally beyond the winter season. Chrysler is the sponsor in your article. The walks were not organized by Ontario of Canada. "Motor Vehicle Manufacturers Association" was organized by the SHARPE-CANADA group. CHRYSLER'S CO-OPERATION OFFERS MILLS FOR MILLIONS 1969

Best of two worlds

I was disappointed in your Travel column Japan: The Far East of The East. The West's perception of Japan is an obvious paradox. In the former, but scratch the surface of the highly industrialized society and one finds a country close to its roots than perhaps any other modern nation. This was not noticed by "going the West," but rather by observing the rest of two worlds. You show for me much the effect of "overpopulation" upon Japanese life. It is only in such one area that Japan has become very rich, truly crowded. The "usually" mentioned behavior patterns were established 1000 years ago when Japan was quite sparsely populated, and merely reflect religious and social attitudes of a feudal society.—DAVID PETER, SHELTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

Stung by 'WASPs'?

One way to lower an elevator's noise level is by the driver's legs he hangs on other elevators. Your magazine is allowing writers seemingly to refer to British Press. Wasps in WASPs is not as pleasant as some as you should know better.—A. W. WATSON, DARTFORTH

Ex-ams: what problems?

I was thoroughly fed up with such articles as "A Christian Underdog" for Chris. Why? (Get The Christian Reporter) They are all completely different people. These are men who've had to go to London for the establishment to get on their feet must not have had much on the ball before or during their college days. I let after 15 years, get around 1 job (teacher) and was given an mp mp. The content gave me back my 1980 money and added another \$1000 as per me stated. No one including my employer has ever asked me as well as given, and I have assigned my current friends. I am sure stated, would show that 90 persons old as now, while a good and happy adjustment to my life. MANY THANKS TO YOU.—JOHN D.



YOUR NEXT CAR SHOULD LOOK THIS GREAT

...AND HAVE ALL THIS

Chrysler size. Chrysler luxury. But priced less than you'd expect. Obviously, Newport is the perfect car to move up to.

Save money on gas? Why not? Ford's a big 290 horsepower, 360 cubic inch V-8 that runs on regular. Standard.

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**YOUR NEXT CAR:
1970 CHRYSLER**

Canada's best-selling luxury car for the past five years. (Based on N.L. Park Registrations)



"Saskatoon is a beautiful place to live or — where a turn-of-the-century medieval reflection in sunset lovers walk by the river. The added role bases for a date for a year where on the town's being at night, students stroll one of Canada's handiest campuses, the art gallery has a large attendance from Toronto's pretty girls should and look together in the park for pop-rock concerts.

The Good Life

SASKATOON

City

(It was planned for people)

SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN, shares with a place like Oshkosh or Moose Jaw the misfortune of a hauntingly unromantic name. The giddy rhythm and comic resonance of Sask-a-toon, Sask-a-tche-wan, make it an unsuitable subject for poetry or songs of inspiration and hard for an outsider to take seriously. The city's billing itself as *Potash Capital of the World* hasn't helped, either. Potash, for all its virtues as a fertilizer, does not lend enchantment. A big-city sophisticate is likely to arrive, therefore, without great expectations of Saskatoon's second-biggest urban centre (population 130,000). Certainly he is unprepared for the civic pride and pioneering zeal of resident sophisticates.

At first it's easy to mistake that grade for old-fashioned, midwestern boosterism. Saskatoon's daily newspaper and its only television outlet, both of which tend to celebrate local progress in the style of a chamber-of-commerce brochure, reinforce the impression of being in Bubble country. But despite their sales pitch, a visitor is not struck by anything remarkable. Admiring the South Saskatchewan River, which curves through the city and in early evening is a lovely reflection of spires, arched bridges and a rambling hotel, he is likely to be distracted by two extraordinary Saskatoon landmarks, looking at each other from opposite, downtown sections of riverbank. One is a preposterous monument to potash — a portion of place, more taking that rises, unabashed,

BY JEANNINE LOCKE
Photographs by ROBERT DRECHT

The good life:
A city with one
thing on its mind:
what's best for people



from a 30-foot steel-and-concrete ploth — and the other is that named host the headborough, which was opened in 1935, when railway borders still had the microwave noise that a traveler's home away from home in Canada must be a modern fortress or chateau.

Approached from the west, Saskatoon has all the trappings of an ordinary prairie city: just inside the city, there are reminders of an unusual community — seven domes of churches, a 600-acre auditorium adjoining a central shopping mall and, on the high east bank of the river, the outlines of one of the headborough university campuses in Canada.

But what the visitor may fail to appreciate is the beautiful thing about Saskatoon: it is a beautiful place for people to live in. In the broadest sense of the word, it is a civilized city, where the individual is not diminished or deprived of his sense of community, but is liberated: his life enriched and his choices increased by urbanization.

No enjoys amenities that in other cities are reserved for the rich. A Saskatoon man on an average income has the option of living in a lightless apartment or a house. And if his need is for low-cost, public housing, it is not likely to be segregated into a neighborhood not institutionalized as a huge complex.

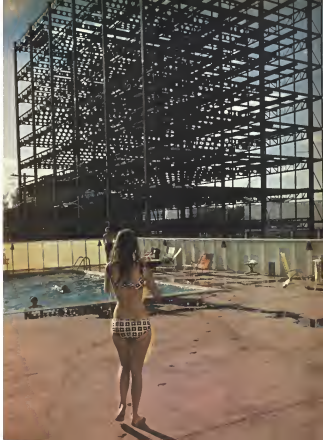
His family is within safe walking distance of schools, shops, a park and organized recreation. An mid-age parent pays 75 cents to play golf all day on a municipal course accessible by public transport, which he rides for a dollar a year (during summer hours). A Saskatoon child can have a lively encounter with his power plant at the Western Development Museum, where once a year those private dinosaurs, steam engines and fire-breathing machines, are housed outside and put to work again, and Duckhooter women, in week-end-wear detest, serve bread fresh from an open oven.

Saskatoon's Mendel Art Gallery and Civic Conservatory is open 11 hours a day, six days a week. Seven hours on Sundays and holidays, and it free. Annual attendance since the gallery-conservatory held its first exhibition in 1964, has never dropped below 300,000, which is 25,000 more visitors than Toronto's Art Gallery of Ontario attracts in a year. Tickets for touring and local entertainment at Saskatoon's Cathedral Auditorium usually start at \$1.50, which may help to explain why its splendid 2,000-seat theatre averages two-thirds occupancy and is frequently sold out.

Saskatoon is civilized because it was planned that way. Its urbanism came from the very beginning to the fact that Saskatoon during the period of its most rapid growth and change was not delivered into the hands of land speculators and private developers to plunder as they saw fit. Saskatoon's urbanism was supplied by its own civic leaders, whose priority was the welfare of people and by the people themselves.

Seventy years ago Saskatoon, seeing a big city in its future, began buying the land to grow on. The following year a town planner, William Graham, was appointed — another far-sighted move for a city of only 60,000 — and his plans were not merely adopted but enforced. Seven years later, when its population had doubled, its population and then increased that the future of urban life could not be as

in Saskatoon the individual is not diminished but liberated. As life enriched by urbanization — a city of youth, folk, flowers and flowers. Social dancing on the river, senior citizens seen bowling, boutiques and boutiques climbing skyward for eye-opening views — sometimes as close as the next rooftop (right).



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creases, so will your credit ceiling.) **There's an old saying about never forgetting your first love.** We think it applies to credit cards as well. We think if we in the first travel and entertainment credit card in your wallet, you'll never forget us.

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The good life:

No tracks—so no wrong side of the tracks

celebrate in some eastern celebrations are worth to predict.

The evolution of Saskatoon began, like so many other prairie reform movements, because of bad luck in the 1930s. Until then, land in that area was assembled in the usual haphazard way, by private developers. But so many of them defunct on lands during 10 years of drought and depression that the municipality emerged from hard times, a big landowner. So did other cities. But Saskatoon, instead of selling out as soon as business recovered, hung on to its land bank. In 1953, when the city was prosperous enough to have growth problems, land acquisition became official policy. By the time Paul Hefner's federal Task Force on Housing and Urban Development arrived in Saskatoon had full, the advantages of "an effective system of municipally assembled and serviced land" were clearly demonstrated.

Being both landowner and planning authority, the city government has been able to add the Task Force "to provide land for private developers at reasonable prices while planning the development pattern in a comprehensive sense and retaining again on a planned basis sufficient land on paper sites for public use such as schools, libraries, parks and the like." After accommodating a population that has grown to 110,000 and is expected to double every 12 years from now on, the city has enough land in reserve "to meet development needs for the next 20 years." It has acquired Crown land along the South Saskatchewan River to reserve green space for greater Saskatoon—50 years hence, Saskatoon, in short, has the franchise for its own future.

Most impressive, then, the business efficiency of Saskatoon's land assembly in the past few years. In 1967, for example, Saskatoon set out to build, not just another patch of urban sprawl, but a community of style and grace and diversity. People, not just a few entrepreneurs, were to benefit from Saskatoon's development. Instead of selling its land at a cut rate, firmly encouraging responsible growth, the city would place the profits back into the community.

Saskatoon has stayed with this planning philosophy during its evolution from a small local market centre, catering to a prosperous area of mixed farming, into a housing, retail and industrial city. "The Growth Capital of the West," it would be more accurate. The Saskatoon area includes half the world's reserves of potash, a recent discovery that has already attracted so many companies and a flock of related industries to the city and surrounding district. It also has the commercial advantages of being at the hub of the whole prairie market area and hard by the Great Canadian Shield's prime source of hydro power and water for irrigation. It houses the main campus of the University of Saskatchewan, along with the new Saskatchewan Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences (the western equivalent of Toronto's Ryerson), and has the hospitals to go with the university's sprawling health-sciences complex.

Organization and co-ordination have become a way of life in Saskatoon," the city told the Task Force. The formula may sound uninspired—but the end product comes close to an urban myth. Saskatoon's traffic flows because Saskatoon's four-lane freeway was built in advance of the city's need for it. The air and face of Saskatoon are

clean because all those new industries having been located by the city in well planned industrial parks are obliged to attempt to control their pollution. The university, with plenty of funds for expansion, has been able to grow at the same pace as the city and maintain good relations with its neighbors. In Professor Edward A. McCauley's observation:

"But the status of Saskatoon is unique, as graduates of the university and most of the other staff spend their spare time attending night classes, concerts and theatre on the university campus. They experience themselves a part of the university community." The newest suburbs have the same air placed derived from good planning. Each new suburban development is designed to be safe from main traffic arteries and to have a focus—a school in the middle, adjacent to a park, recreation centre and cluster of shops—so that it is not just a new suburb, but a new typical Canadian "city."

For all that plan, however, recreation facilities and culture places that are owned by, and accessible to, the whole community. Saskatoons pay relatively low city taxes. They work on a 20 percent low per capita from the cost of running the province's premier city. Again—a beautiful place, Saskatoons inventory before.

Organization and co-ordination have also given Saskatoon a second chance to design its downtown core. While other cities have been talking about getting out of their bad way tracks in a start in redevelopment, Saskatoon has been doing it. On 10th street, that used to be the archaic of CNR tracks, shops, shops and workshops now browse through Midtown Place, a weather-controlled mall of shops, offices, a cinema and other restaurants, all of which will be in business by 1970. The station is bound to be bright and lively at all hours, being influenced by Saskatoon's seven million dollar convention-centre, which opens next door, it's a whole new heart of downtown.

How Saskatoon accomplished it—and got a four-lane freeway as a fringe benefit—is a story that would be incredible in any other urban setting. It all started in 1962 when a study of traffic problems showed that the CN's main line, along through the core of the city, was a major cause. The only solution, according to the experts who made the study, was to build a series of expensive overpasses and a high-level bridge. But Saskatoon's Mayor Sidney Blackwell had an alternative. Wouldn't it be a better investment in the long run to pay the CN to relocate outside the city? It had to be said. But Blackwell would not only eliminate an biggest traffic bottleneck and liberate prime land for redevelopment, but would also have to red-still the area of a right and wrong side of the tracks. "With that railway barrier to separate us, physically and psychologically, we are really two cities," said Blackwell, who knew both being in business on the west side the wrong side of the tracks, where Ukrainians and German immigrants settled long ago and stayed, and having his residence respectively to the east.

As it turned out, the city made a very good deal. For \$2,400,000—the subsidy paid to the CN for shifting its facilities to a new site west of Saskatoon—the city got back a downtown area amounting to half the size of its existing business district, plus the railway's suburban park and the chance to acquire the CN's right of way, land at places 300 feet wide bordering the tracks that would enclose the city and its core.

The park became the site of a second industrial park and the CN tracks and right of way are now Saskatoon's Centre Drive, a four-lane freeway. Blackwell admits that the city's present volume of traffic does not justify a freeway, but by building when the land became available, the city was better able to plan its future development and

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The good life:
A shop sells jokes,
leaders sell
the service idea

also avoid the social upheaval that accompanies mass re-
interpretation of property. "It may not appear to be the best
business," Blackwell says about Serfaty's new "lounge"
"but it makes for beautiful planning."

The property of the early 1980s, as well as pot-
entially shops, restaurants and bars and huge student park-
ing lots at the university and Institute of Applied Arts and
Sciences all do brisk business. The bulk of the art gallery's
restaurant collection was donated by a local industrialist,
Fred S. Mendel who also gave \$175,000 as a start on con-
struction of the gallery itself.

In Saskatoon, as elsewhere, prestige goes with money.
But even more prestige is attached to conspicuous public
service. The result is that City Hall has never looked for
business leaders, professional men and aristocrats from



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the snowmobile
that says "I'm all
for family fun,
personal enjoyment"



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The people who make it The good life city

Mayer Sidney Buckwald, of 52 a 47-year veteran in civic politics, says, "Saskatoon has a special kind of spirit. People are involved. The community is prepared to do things as a team. Part of it is the lingering influence of the Depression — we learned to do things for ourselves."

Dr. Melvin Langer, at head of Saskatoon's Community Health Services Association, alludes to a continuing medical revolution started by the association's first director, Dr. Samuel Wolfe, as a result of the better Saskatchewan strike over medicine in 1962. The revolution "an experiment in co-operation (financing and organizing of health services) has a membership of some 1,000 families, is about to open a new \$600,000 clinic."

Bob Matovich, 26, runs Saskatoon's most winning night spot, the Red Lion Inn, a discounter and show place for local acts.

Fred S. Mendel, industrialist, put up \$175,000 in the province matched it and one of Canada's best-attended culture prizes — the Mosaic Art Gallery and Civic Conservatory — was launched. The gallery is open 500 days a year, charges no admission, draws more visitors than Toronto's art gallery.

Judge Mary Carter, of Saskatoon's Family Court, is the mother of six, believes in, fondly out what's lagging a tad before you have him into court. The more controversial and "refined" variations, the greater is the tendency to fill them up.

Professor Edward A. McCourt, of the University of Saskatchewan, "Hill the critics of Saskatoon, it seems, are graduates of the university and most of the other hell-spots their spare time standing night classes, concerts and theatre on campus."

Sergeant John Malanowich, head of the Youth Section of the city police force, works in a very approved by Judge Mary's father. While his men pick up juvenile offenders, they are delivered not to the station, but to their parents — the first in a series of reforms in the murder over homes.

Ray Scapone, lawyer, and NRP MLA is a critic of "the kind of civic pride that one could think this city's determination to be a better place for all its citizens. He wants better housing and recreation facilities for Saskatoon's ethnic community."

Golin and Linda Holliday-Scott operate a proposition shop that even to the city's high-style trade. They sell imported furniture, furniture, and fashions for women. "There's an incredible number of millionaires in the town," says Golin. "They like pick but can be persuaded into more things."

Edward A. Sebastyan, a Slav Pioneer, once was, in one of the driving forces behind the creation of a museum for six events at Saskatchewan Black Bear Lake, some 25 miles outside Saskatoon. The city will be the site of the next Canadian winter games, to be held in 1971.

















THE 30 MEN TRUDEAU TRUSTS

A guide to Ottawa's new inner-circle of power

This spring, the federal government decided to cut back Canada's commitment to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization — despite the fact that virtually all the brass hats and bureaucrats in Ottawa favored the status quo. The debate had been long, hot and, within governmental circles, heavily one-sided against change. An interdepartmental task force recommended that Canada maintain her current commitment; a parliamentary committee came to the same conclusion; a public-opinion survey commissioned by the Liberal Foundation pointed the same way; the two cabinet ministers most involved, External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp and Defence Minister Leo Cadieux, had made strong pro-NATO speeches; and the cabinet was split on the issue.

But there was one group of people who did want a change, their views coincided with the Prime Minister's gut feeling on the subject, and their advice was accepted. That group was the Prime Minister's personal power bloc, the informal, loosely organized rag of advisers — some of them on his staff, some in the public service, some elected, some conspicuous holders of high office, some minor officials most of

BY WALTER STEWART

THE INNER CIRCLE		LEGISLATION		CAMPAIGN		PERSONAL		COMMENT	
NAME	AGE	TITLE	REGION	Yes	Yes	Law, Academics	Yes	The single most important influence on the Prime Minister	
 Marc Lalonde	40	Principal Secretary, PM's Office	Quebec	Yes	Yes	Law, Academics	Yes	The single most important influence on the Prime Minister	
 Jean Marchand	51	Minister, Regional Economic Expansion	Quebec	Yes	Yes	Law, Academics	Yes	Tough, pragmatic, one of the three left Main from Quebec (others: Trudeau, Pelletier)	
 Gerald Poirier	50	Secretary of State	Quebec	Yes	Yes	Journalism	Yes	Sometimes chairman of Trudeau's, a lifelong friend and philosophically	
 Gordon Robertson	52	Secretary to the Cabinet	Sask	No	No	Career civil servant	No	The Minister's Mandarin, quick, clever and nonchalant	
 Marshall Crowe	48	Deputy Secretary to Cabinet	Maritima	No	No	Business, Civil servant	No	Expert of economics, finance, responsible for Operations side of Privy Council	
 James Dugg	39	Program Secretary, PM's Office	Quebec	Yes	Yes	Business	Yes	Efficiency expert, strong as flow charts, graphs and statistics	
 Gordon Gibson	51	Executive Assistant, PM's Office	BC	Yes	Yes	Business	Yes	A Lalonde protégé, and one of first campaign workers	
 Ivan Head	39	Legislative Assistant, PM's Office	Alberta	No	No	Law, Academics	No	The man who prepared the Black Book for Question Period every day	
 Rando Laffan	48	Press Secretary, PM's Office	Quebec	No	No	Teaching, broadcasting	No	Highly respected by both the press and the Prime Minister — a real trick	
 Pierre Levesque	30	Regional Adviser, PM's Office	Quebec	Yes	Yes	Business, Politics	Yes	He is the tough job of running the Regional Desk Operation	
 Michael Pitfield	32	Deputy Secretary to Cabinet	Quebec	No	No	Law, Civil service	No	Linkage between the Privy Council and the PM's Office Privy Council planning head	
 Tim Potbury	35	Special Assistant, PM's Office	Quebec	Yes	Yes	Law	Yes	The Prime Minister's principal speechwriter, and fellow spender	
 Roger Rolland	48	Special Assistant, PM's Office	Quebec	No	No	Broadcaster, Academics	No	A onetime roommate of the PM's in Paris, now assistant speechwriter	
 Michael Vennart	28	Special Assistant, PM's Office	Quebec	No	No	Law, Civil service	No	Marc Lalonde's assistant and an aggressive pusher for reform in field of social legislation	

THE TASK FORCE

These are the members of the Prime Minister's Task Force on specific problems. Some are cabinet ministers, some are not. Some are advisers. Their influence is not great, but they are in the room in the inner circle when they are asked



LAC BUREAU DU MINISTRE

NAME	AGE	TITLE	PROVINCE	PROFESSION	COMMENT
Jean Beetz	42	Special Adviser, Constitution	Quebec	Law, Academics	Dean of Law at University of Montreal, former constitutional adviser to the Province of Quebec
E. J. Berneau	46	Minister of Finance	Ontario	Accountant	One of the first "Anglos" to back Trudeau's leadership bid
Charles Envy	47	President, Treasury Board	Quebec	Law, Civil Service	Unobtrusive in parliament, but a string and cautious financial influence in cabinet
Claude Frenette	38	President, Quebec Liberals	Quebec	Law, Business	His leadership in Quebec crucial in leadership drive, and considered whenever Quebec is discussed
Allan Gotlib	41	Deputy Minister, Communications	Manitoba	Law, Civil Service	That party, an unorthodox Mardonist. Consulted on constitutional issues and international law
Carl Goldkorn	62	Special Adviser, Constitution	Quebec	Law	His quiet voice and puffing pipe have been on regular at constitutional meetings for 20 years
Jean-Pierre Goyer	37	Parliamentary Secretary to Minister of External Affairs	Quebec	Law, Politics	Playing a key role in new Canadian relations with French-speaking nations
Jean-Claude Haché	29	Regional Desk Officer	Quebec	Teaching	Regional Desk Adviser for the Maritimes area
Donald Jamieson	48	Minister of Transport	Nfld	Broadcasting	With the apparent advice of Allan MacEachern, he is becoming the Maritime minister
Allen Johnson	40	Special Adviser, Constitution	Quebec	Law, Academics	He is a key player in the constitutional process, and a key player in the constitutional process
Eric Kneans	55	Parliamentary Secretary to Minister of Communications	Quebec	Business	Gault and Gault give him influence far outside his own portfolio, especially in foreign policy field
Otto Lang	37	Minister Without Portfolio	Sask	Law, Academics	On western problems, the PM a turning more and more to the former law dean at University of Saskatchewan
Donald MacDonald	37	President, Privy Council & House Leader	Ontario	Law	Like Goyens, an early Trudeau backer, with a key role in parliamentary reforms
Jean-Luc Papp	44	Minister, Industry, Trade & Commerce	Quebec	Political Science	Competence in his portfolio is earning him strong financial say
Jean Presser	27	Regional Desk Officer	Quebec	Law	Quebec Desk Man, with special responsibility for the PM's riding
Stephen Reed	46	President, Liberal Federation	Ontario	Law	Even PM once a week in party matters, but his policy voice is minimal in other areas
David Thomas	30	Regional Desk Officer	Alberta	Business	Western Regional Desk. His early warnings about western alienation were ignored. He's listened to more closely now

"If I had a policy to push, I would rather have the ear of half a dozen of the Prime Minister's inner-circle aides than the mouths of half his cabinet"

the nation never heard of — whose word counts, not because of age or experience or title, but because they have the ear and respect of the man who makes the final decisions, Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

Whatever else may be said of the NATO decision, it reflects a fundamental change in the way this nation is being run, a tendency to transfer more and more power away from the formal structures of parliament and the civil service and into the office of the Prime Minister (always, but always, called the PMO by the In. set), where it is



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Fly away to the Calypso Islands with **AIR CANADA** 

THE 30 MEN

continued

Power in numbers: PM's Office has 34 members; cabinet, 28

vested in a circle of fewer than three dozen people who comprise Trudeau's own talent pool. The men in that pool — a chart defining their roles appears on pages 36-38 — will adjust to any one of the word "power" connotations that they are only advisers. But the right to tender advice to the Prime Minister is power if that advice receives a sympathetic hearing. If it had a policy in push, I would rather have the rest of hell's demons at the Prime Minister's side — men who see him every day, and speak on his wave length, and call him "ou" instead of "sir" in French — than the mouths of hell his cabinet.

The men who surround the Prime Minister have always been important — witness Tom Kent in the early Pearson years, or Alvin Hamilton during Diefenbaker's reign — but they have never been as powerful as they are today. Pearson tended to accept advice from all advisers, which is why so many of his policies were confused and contradictory. Diefenbaker accepted only reinforcement of his own views. Trudeau tends to look for advice from a single group of like-minded men, and he will accept views that run contrary to his own if they are well argued and put forward by people he trusts.

Two other factors reinforce the power of his advisers: his own work habits, and his willingness to delegate responsibility.

The Prime Minister is not a patient, steady worker, he operates in bursts of furious intellectual energy. He reads a lot of sleep and a lot of privacy, a regular flow of news to be himself and not the prime minister. Therefore, the only advice comes to him is important, concise, well-organized report stands a better chance of being heard than a loose, disjointed one, even if the latter contains more information. His aides are, without exception, expert generalists and excellent coordinators. His Program Secretary, Jim Dawy, a former contracting clerk and gripper to capture information, he gets a lot of looking about the chiefs, but he makes a lot of points with them.

Trudeau believes in delegating authority to those who have proved they can handle it, with results that may be sketched by one level, reading some time ago. The Prime Minister was out

of Ottawa on a trip and had gone to bed for an afternoon nap when a cabinet minister called, demanding to speak to him on the telephone. An aide said that was not possible. The minister explained that a security matter had come up, a decision had to be made at once. The aide asked for details and gave a decision. The cabinet minister was furious, but the decision stuck. Since that time, both cabinet members and the Prime Minister's staff have become more sensitive of their respective powers. That incident could not happen again to day; the decision now would be far more through the proper channels, but it would still be all likelihood destroyed by the aide most knowledgeable in the case.

The cliché that Canada is moving toward an American style of government is not actually accurate. There is no sign the Trudeau government is likely to transfer the advantages of responsible cabinet, where ministers are elected and can be punished by the public, no sign that the Prime Minister wants to split his office from parliament, as the presidency is split.

Instead from Congress, or change the responsibility of guiding his own programs through the House of Commons. But there is a move — you could call it the Modified American Plan — to strengthen both the PMO and the Privy Council into something very like the White House corps of selected experts, and to use those staffs, like the White House staff, as troubleshooters, public relations experts and information sources. When Canada was trying to get permission to send relief flights into Beirut last fall it was no diplomat but Jean Heud, the Prime Minister's Legislative Assistant who flew to Lagos to negotiate with the Nigerian government. When Ottawa located the new Montreal Airport at St. Sulpice, over the objections of Quebec, it was no cabinet minister but Pierre Levesque, Kinsmen Adviser in the PMO who flew down to locate the new site. When Trudeau visited the new Montreal Airport at St. Sulpice, over the objections of Quebec, it was no cabinet minister but Pierre Levesque, Kinsmen Adviser in the PMO who flew down to locate the new site. When Trudeau visited the new Montreal Airport at St. Sulpice, over the objections of Quebec, it was no cabinet minister but Pierre Levesque, Kinsmen Adviser in the PMO who flew down to locate the new site.

the score. Every one of these moves made sense, but every one emphasized the increasing importance of the Prime Minister's advisers, not merely as sources of information but as his personal representatives.

This change, a response to the increasing complexity of government has been in process for some time. Trudeau didn't invent it, but he has rationalized and refined it to the point where the PMO has become a little bureaucracy of its own with an organization chart and regular meetings of department heads to discuss administrative problems.

There are more people today in the PMO than there are in the cabinet. In November 1981, Pierre's Minister Diefenbaker had a staff of 15 people, many of them clerks who answered the mail, and an annual payroll of \$47,820. Four years later Prime Minister Pearson had 21 aides, seven of whom were organized into a staff and a payroll of \$197,482. Today Prime Minister Trudeau has 34 aides, 15 of them on the letter-writing detail and a payroll of \$406,085. There are 28 cabinet ministers.

There has been a change in load as well as in size with the establishment of regional desks in the PMO. These desks — there is one for Quebec, one for the Maritimes and one for the west — serve the double role of feeding information and complaints from the regions to the Prime Minister and helping him to get his news out to the country. (The Quebec Desk officer Jean Poirer is also responsible for serving the ambassadors in the Prime Minister's riding of Mount Royal, just as Executive Assistant Mary Macdonald looked after Alberta. Even for Pearson) Whenever the Prime Minister leaves Ottawa on of local business, he takes along a little black book, prepared by the regional desk, for the notes he is to use when he meets local politicians and ministers. He may not always heed the little black book — he didn't when he refused to discuss oil policy in Calgary earlier this year — but he answers it at his peril.

The MPs receive the regional desks as an invasion of their own responsibility and they were able to keep as Ontario desk from being charged. Pierre Levesque who is in charge of the Quebec desk, says, "I think the MPs don't realize that the operation is

Rule for Inner Circle men: 'Maintain a low profile of visibility'

designed to complement, not replace, them, but he also says: "Although we get confused with the local MP, our primary purpose is to serve the PM and not the MP."

With the growth in the PMO has come an increase in size and strength of the Privy Council. The cabinet ministerial responsibility for federal-provincial relations, housed with the PMO behind the padded doors of parliament's East Block. Like the PMO the Privy Council has escaped every budget freeze. It grew in staff this year from 213 to 288 people. Technically the Privy Council is entirely a branch of the civil service, but in fact senior Privy Council officials carry a wide responsibility.

Take Michael Pefford, whose official title is Deputy Secretary to the Cabinet (Plans). Pefford, a young, bright, Montreal lawyer (most of the Prime Minister's close advisers seem to be young bright Montreal lawyers), is theoretically responsible for advising advice on long-range economic planning, but his influence obviously extends further than that. A senior official in the External Affairs Department told me bitterly, "If you want to know why we aren't being listened to by this government you need go no further than the office of Michael Pefford."

A former government aide contends that Pefford was responsible for a change in the Liberal Party program during the last election. According to this story, the committee responsible for drafting the program inserted a paragraph opposing universal welfare schemes. The paragraph pleased the party hierarchy and the cabinet, but Pefford argued that Liberal government had to pursue universal schemes as the only means and old-age pension and Canada was on the verge of implementing medicare; this was no time to repudiate universality. Pefford won his point and the paragraph was withdrawn, according to this aide's source.

Pefford says he is "flattered but flabbergasted" by the power attributed to him and stresses flatly that he had nothing to do with the Liberal program. (I cannot remember the circumstances. I was not involved although the man who told me the story was, but I can say that it is clear to anyone who deals with the Trudeau govern-

ment that Pefford is no mere civil servant.)

Everything I have written argues that the men around the Prime Minister are powerful and that Canadians should know more about them. This is not easy. The advisers, in Program Adviser Jim Diney and in refusing an interview, "are expected to maintain a low profile of visibility," a policy that makes good sense from the Prime Minister's point of view. Lester Pearson's principal adviser, Tom Kent, was a highly visible lightning bolt who drove controversy for almost everything the government did, whether he had suggested it or not. Marc Lalonde, Trudeau's Principal Secretary, wielded at least as much influence as over Kent did, but he is much more subtle, much quieter, and much less prone to rent the headlines of the Opposition.

Despite their low visibility it is possible to build a picture of the hierarchy around the Prime Minister. There is no place on any chart, no pages 36-39, for the cabinet as a whole, yet it does play an important role in decision-making. It is after all, a debating society composed of articulate, witful men used to argument and chaired by a Prime Minister used to extracting the best from every argument. So, while the cabinet as such does not appear on my chart as you read it should fit somewhere between the Inner Circle and The Operators.

In the Inner Circle, I have placed only four men, two of them cabinet ministers, Ben Marchand and Gérard Pelletier, and three of them personal and longtime friends of Trudeau: Marchand, Pelletier and Marc Lalonde. Lalonde was one of a handful of Quebec intellectuals, along with Trudeau who signed a 1966 political manifesto rejecting ideology and embracing pragmatism; a manifesto Trudeau obviously took very much to heart. Lalonde is a good deal like Trudeau — cool, quiet, humorous, highly intelligent and complex. Like Trudeau he is a Quebecer, a lawyer, an intellectual, a strong federalist and an unusually pragmatic politician. He once worked as executive assistant to a Conservative cabinet minister, David Fulton, later as constitutional adviser to Prime Minister Pearson, from which perch he campaigned quietly but effectively for Trudeau's election

to power. Next to the Prime Minister, he is probably the single most important man in government.

Marchand and Pelletier are perhaps the most visible of all Trudeau's advisers. Their association goes back a long way. Pelletier and Trudeau met at students, and Marchand was drawn into their circle during the strike at Adolpho, Quebec, in 1949, where Marchand worked as a union organizer, Pelletier as a reporter and Trudeau as a kind of free-lance agitator who made stirring speeches to the strikers. Pelletier and Trudeau were associated in founding the intellectual magazine *CMA Libre* and all three were caught up in the political ferment of Quebec's Quiet Revolution. They came into politics together in 1963 as the Quebec Wing Men, when the federal Liberals wonned. Marchand, but found they couldn't get him without accepting the other two as well. Now Trudeau is the leader of the trio, but they are still a trio. They don't agree about everything, but when they do, as on the official Language Act or NATO, they make a formidable combination.

The fourth member of the Inner Circle is Gordon Robertson, a tall, dim, handsome man with steel grey hair and an understated manner who can be seen at every constitutional conference sitting just behind the Prime Minister's right shoulder ready for instant consultation. Robertson has a master of titles — Clerk of the Privy Council, Chairman of the Constitution Committee, on the Constitution Secretary to the Cabinet — and a massive influence not only on the Prime Minister but also on the civil service, which regards him as a kind of Lay Pope of the reform act. He has been a civil servant since 1941 and everything a Minister should be discreet, intelligent and infinitely honest. He is one of four men — the others are Marc Lalonde, Press Secretary Kermit LeBlanc and Deputy Cabinet Secretary Marshall Crowe — who meet with the Prime Minister for half an hour every morning. If politics is the art of the possible, Robertson is the man who tells the politicians what is possible and what is not.

The Inner Circle is crossed by two other rings, which I have called The Operators — the men who gather information and help to carry out poli-

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om — and the Task Force — the specialists who are called in for specific advice on their own areas of competence.

The Operators are, for the most part, on the PM's own staff.

They are the young professionals, such as Pierre Levesque, a thickset genial but tough-minded graduate in business administration from Laval and the University of Western Ontario. Levesque worked for the Quebec Department of Education, then for the Liberal Party in Quebec, and was one of the early organizers of the Trudeau-for-Leader campaign, though he hardly knew Trudeau at the time.

They are the loyalists, such as Tim Fortson, the blond, slender, hard-core young Montrealeis who looks as if he had just stepped out of a collar, and whose qualifications in the Prime Minister's chief speech writer include co-authorship of the McGill award-winning comedy, *My Fair Lady Porteous* and Trudeau's seat in *Mines*, where both were on tour, and traveled to Tahiti together for a holiday just before Trudeau announced his candidacy for the leadership. Their relationship is a close, personal one.

Porteous is getting help with the speechwriting from another old friend, Roger Rolland, who bounced around Europe with Trudeau, roomed with him in Paris, where Rolland was doing his PhD in literature, and posed him in student pranks. Rolland is a quick, mobile, silver-haired man, whose careers include teaching at the University of British Columbia, broadcasting, administration and politics.

The Task Force people are not so much friends and confidants as advisers, which occupies the Prime Minister's values. They include such depressive men as Carl Goldberger, the slim, quietly brilliant Montreal lawyer who has been going disquietingly silent to governments for more than two decades; Eric Korman, the Postmaster General, who has thrust himself into the circle of advisers by the sheer force and force of his views and personality; and Albert Johnson, a pleasant-looking former adviser to the CCF government in Saskatchewan, whose expertise in the area of public finance gives him a powerful say whenever constitutional talks get down to dividing up the dollars.

Taking all the circles at once, a number of facts become apparent. There are too women, for one thing (there are, of course, women on the Prime Minister's staff but their role in the formation of policy is minimal), and the men have a number of common characteristics. Many are from Quebec — 19 out of the 33 I have listed — many were connected

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with the Prime Minister's campaign for the Liberal leadership, most of them are young, and all of them are highly educated. Fifteen out of 31 of them are lawyers, and most of the rest are businessmen or academics. There are no farmers, doctors, plumbers or priests. These men are political technocrats, cool, tough-minded, pragmatic and competent.

Knowing something about them helps to explain something of the government's moves, or lack of moves, to date. There is not much social fire in the government's second, nor would you expect revolutionary zeal from the well-paid, well-boned bourgeois technocrats represented here. Although housing is a major problem in Canada, the Trudeau administration's only move in this area came not as policy, but as reaction, when Transport Minister Paul Hellyer quit in a huff, and that is what you would expect with 15 lawyers to point out the painful problems of jurisdictional conflict with the provinces. Ottawa has paid a good deal of attention to Quebec, very little to the west or to the Maritime. Well, coast the Quebecers agree, and see where they fit in the power structure. I am not making anything out of this, it is natural for the Prime Minister to surround himself with Quebecers and long past the time when French Canada reserved special attention, but this overloading of advisers from one region does indicate a certain openness toward the rest of Canada.

The growing power of the advisers has aroused every and earnest in Ottawa, both in the Liberal caucus, whose members fear they are being bypassed, and in the Opposition parties, which object because there is no way to call these shadowy figures to public account. But it is easier to point to the danger than to suggest any remedy. Today's world moves too fast to call it caucus or a advisers meeting much less a session of parliament every time a decision has to be made. And so one man can possibly have all the knowledge as to which to act; there must be, by the very nature of modern government, a body of experts the Prime Minister can turn to, and the most natural place to house them is in his own office.

Unless there is some radical, unforeseen change in the Canadian political structure, the men around the Prime Minister are likely to be even more important five years from now than they are today. About all that can be hoped is that they will be exposed from time to time to public scrutiny, so that Canadians may know more than they do now about the pedigree of government decisions. □

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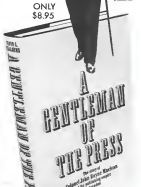
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THE HORROR ON GULL ISLAND

They cast lots and then it was man eat man

BY DR. ERNEST MARSHALL HOWSE

Nearly half a century ago, when I was a town-and-country reporter at the Newfoundland capital of St. John's, I found one day with a friend to Gull Island a steep granite rock a few miles offshore. Sunday was high tide, mist in the air, and before the day was out the weather turned to storm; but we had to take refuge for four days with the lighthouse keeper, Ephraim Whelan. I was shown an ancient fisherman—little more than 1,000 yards long and half the width—said to be the island's legend, surely one of the most majestic in all Newfoundland's long history of violent weathering. On a cliff 500 feet above a cliff into which waves dashed furiously he pointed down. "That's where the Queen of Swains was driven ashore in the winter of 1803," he said, "in just such weather as this."

Halfway up the cliff was a wide shelf. "That's where 11 people, two women among them, died after weeks of starvation and freezing cold. The story has it, though, that before the rest died out of their number were chosen by lot and eaten in the desperation of hunger."

Back on the mainland I tried to find details of this strange tale of a cannibal island in Newfoundland waters. It proved a fruitless quest. There must have been full reports in the St. John's newspapers at the time, but the files and any official records were destroyed in the great fire that broke out in 1872. For years I gathered what scraps of information I could find in archives, and from descendants of the victims and others involved. I believe that what follows is the most complete assembly of what has hitherto been a largely untold story.

THE QUEEN OF SWAINS was a brigantine of 360 tons. She traded across the Atlantic from her home port of Swansea, Wales, with a crew of Cornish sailors. On December 18, 1803, she sailed from St. John's for Tilt Cove, then a copper-mining town, with a light crew of nine sailors and 80 tons of iron bolts. She also carried a physician, one of them a Miss Stoddard, who was coming up with her brother William from Sweden for a Christmas reunion with their parents at Tilt Cove. Another passenger was John Dowling, an apothecary. To many Newfoundlanders he was "the doctor"—possibly the only doctor they ever had. The captain, John Lister, was a plain man, said Patrick Duggan, the only man should have long experience of Newfoundland's weathered waters.

Dr. Ernest Marshall Howse of the United Church of Canada is now in Twickenham, New Zealand, and told his P.M. in Edinburgh. Author of numerous books and articles, he is member of Howe Street United Church in Toronto.

After the Queen sailed through the St. John's Narrows she was never seen again. A week later some wreckage, including the cover of Duggan's trunk, drifted along the coast. Twickenham was made along the coast but no further trace of the stranded Queen was found.

Four weeks later a humpback-boned sailing schooner, skippered by Captain Mark Dowling, of Lunenburg, was located near Gull Island. Two sailors out in a dory to shoot birds as a change in diet for the weary crew. In a little gulch at the island they found that would be a dead, which flew on and fell on land. One man was absent in pursuit. Before he reached the bird, he noticed a rope running down the cliff, and starting to his horror, a pile of bones that seemed to be the skeletons of two men. Then the sailors discovered a few pieces of a piece of canvas so fresh that a look at it was that they could not believe it. They cut it open and found beneath a grisly pile of frozen bodies.

When Captain Dowling reported the story he knew that he had found the victims of the Queen. He called also nearby Tilt Cove, where he picked up a Mr. Gull, apparently a seaman, and Richard Matthews, Patrick Duggan's brother-in-law. With several notes, letters they were in the island with axes, saws, and hand-made tools.

The island of the bodies did not in itself tell the full horror of those weeks on Gull Island, but horrified accounts were found in the diaries of those of the doomed men. In his last of these letters, Peter Dowling related that in the early hours of December 12 the Queen was at North Cove Bay near her destination when a violent gale arose and a heavy snowstorm blazed on all visibility. At 4 a.m. without warning the creature heaved on into the gulch at Gull Island and heaved himself on a sloping rock. A body scrambled ashore and found a rope around a rock to keep the vessel from sliding back into the sea. Kept held in each person an effort to get up on the rock, and then, safely ashore and to a higher ledge beyond the waves.

With daylight four men, one of them Patrick Duggan, the Newfoundland-born, volunteered to climb the ship in hopes of salvaging materials that might make the difference between certain death and possible survival. They slid back on the rope from where they had no sooner were they ashore than a wave of colossal size ripped the ship from her rocky ledge.

Helplessly she spun on the day and the people on shore gazed at each other, while the slowly sinking vessel drifted out of sight to her unknown grave.

The survivors found a scarcely better fate. They had no shelter, no food, no water, and no means of making fire. No one knows where the few of them lay down together to



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der. But it was weeks later, after the lacerable will of Captain Benson to live, their incredible capacity to suffer had been stretched to the full. Some suggestions of the agony were left by the those who wrote letters.

Captain Benson, on water between, first gave the appropriate latitude and longitude of their position, listed the number of people on board and the names of the four who perished with the ship. He added "Good-bye merry on our souls! We shall all perish here without food, clothes or fire."

Dowdley's first letter to his wife, "My Darling Margaret," written five days after the wreck, was a rambling 700-word description of dreadful misery — some of all there, the "dreadful fearful storm . . . I would give all the money I took with me, yet all I ever use for our drink of water."

"Yet he interested his wife carefully as to her future. (She would have borne great pain in the United States.) And he told his fiancée, formerly his bar and "the darling children." But there was also an ominous foreshadowing of the greater horror to come. "You know I was never very robust. I very much fear I shall be the first victim, if so you will not have the consolation of getting my body, as they will use it for food."

A day later Dowdley writes again, a single paragraph "I am almost dead with the thirst . . . we are all wet and frozen. I am now going under the covers to be done and die."

But he did not die then. Six days later, on Christmas Eve, he wrote his final note. Some had come, and there is food was refused though only by "the dirty snow-water which melts under our feet, as to our clothes. When a sad Christmas Day it is for me." Dowdley lamented "We are still alive, but only that I had no idea we should have lasted so long. Our case is now hopeless."

William Hinkins' note was brief, but it opened a new dimension of horror, already hinted at in Dowdley's first letter. Hinkins wrote:

"We are starving and frozen, and just drew lots to see who might keep alive longer, should help come." A later instance added: "We have drawn. The lot fell on my poor sister. I have choked myself and am taking her place. The horror of it all!"

Horror was the final word about the Queen of Swedes. The skeleton of William Hinkins was one of the two found some distance away from the bodies under the ice. (The other was one of the ship's crew.) In addition, the shoulder of one of the crew was badly chewed. "Who can picture the manner of collective madness dragged as close to death?"

One lesser story remains. Three days after the wreck, it was later calculated, two boats from the crushed were pinging for help within two miles of the wreck. But the big bulk of gear between the boats and the shipwrecked crew apparently cut off the sound of guns that could have meant rescue.

After the story of the Queen was known, a dinner arose for a lightness on Gull Island. It was held in 1916, and as first keeper was Captain Mark Rowland, the man who brought home the frozen bodies from the Queen of Swedes. □

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Peg: 'Darling, this is it.' Perrin: 'Well, I'll be damned'



Dr. William C. Wilson, who performed the heart transplant on John and Peg.

I was a Friday, a sunny, beautiful June day in 1987. Perrin Johnson, a 43-year-old Pennsylvanian, and his wife Peg, a nurse, were doing the weekend shopping. Johnson had come home early from the office, feeling tired. Now suddenly he felt an acute pain in his stomach and pain down both arms. On returning home, his color was poor, he went to bed and cardiologist Dr. John K. Wilson was called in. His diagnosis: cardiac infarction — an obstruction in the coronary artery. Twelve weeks later, Perrin Johnson was dead at work. Peg Johnson had returned to nursing at St. Michael's Hospital.

For eight years Perrin Johnson's life was overshadowed by illness. Then in February 1985, while doing out, he felt tired and complained of chest pain. In the Emergency Department of St. Michael's his trouble was diagnosed as angina. Two months later he was back at work as a building schedule. Three months later he was in the hospital with his second cardiac infarction.

In four years he suffered six attacks of congestive heart failure, the direct result of the infarctions. He had been no-better, no-fatter, 165 pounds. He wanted a stronger pump. I'll provide. We were caught in a storm of pain and anxiety that could have only one ending: death.

But it was an ending that a skilled medical team under surgeon Dr. Clure B. Baker, who would be in charge of the operating team, was one of the best cardiovascular surgeons in the world. I knew that Dr. James Van and Dr. John Hart, who would assist him, were two of the most brilliant and knowledgeable men in the transplantation field. I felt confident.

PEG

By midday of 1988 Perrin had grown thin and lost his strength was fading away. I spent sleepless nights worrying to his cardiac health. He was getting the best possible medical care but nothing, it seemed, could be done for him. I felt hopeless and frustrated. Then on December 18 he was admitted to St. Michael's Hospital in severe failure. The team he had not responded to treatment. His condition was grave.

I asked Dr. Wilson if Perrin was going to die. "Peg," he replied "You're lucky that was coming." I couldn't answer. I just knew, I had started myself for this — but I had prayed that something, some-

one in her life, that Dr. Wilson had told her that the only thing left for me was a heart transplant.

The next morning no special lab there was something positive that could be done. I thought, to receive me from the uncertainty with which I had been living. I felt, as anyone about to take a scheduled risk must feel, some doubts about the unknown. But no deep, chilling fear.

Peg and I talked for a while and I came to a decision. I would have the operation if Peg was ready and willing to accept this. I certainly would. It was the only logical thing to do. I meant that we were going to be broke on one major surgical procedure. I had had enough of living in a state of continual apprehension — of sudden episodes of congestive heart failure, of erratic pulse rate, of the need for sedatives to go to sleep, of exhaustion on awakening in the morning. I had no pain, but constant, debilitating fatigue was unbearable.

I had no cash left in Dr. Wilson that I had not the slightest doubt that if he recommended this leg step, it was the only way for me. I knew that Dr. Clure B. Baker, who would be in charge of the operating team, was one of the best cardiovascular surgeons in the world. I knew that Dr. James Van and Dr. John Hart, who would assist him, were two of the most brilliant and knowledgeable men in the transplantation field. I felt confident.

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transplant would happen to save Perrin.

Our son and daughter — Bob, who is 18, and Susan, 20 — had expressed about the possibility of a heart transplant. Both Perrin and I had read the fine story about the transplant operation conducted in South Africa by Dr. Christian Barnard, and Bob had followed for subsequent stories closely. The next morning I put the question of a transplant to Dr. Wilson.

"It's up to Perrin," he said. "But we'll have to wait for a few days." In other words, wait to see if he survives.

Perrin's case would have to be presented to the hospital's medical committee. Dr. Wilson explained. He would also have to speak to Perrin about the operation. But I preferred to brood the news to my husband. This was something personal, a pact between Perrin and me, the final thing I could allow him.

On Thursday, I phoned Dr. Wilson and said, "This is it." I told my husband, put on my last suit and off I went.

Perrin and I sat and talked of many things. Finally, after several episodes of sleep, I told him what Dr. Wilson had said. Perrin replied, rather indifferently, "Well, I'll be damned!" and asked for a cigarette.

We talked about it quite automatically. He remarked that obviously I approved. I couldn't be discussing it with him. I told him yes, I wanted him to have everything science could offer. There was no sentimentality regarding his heart. It was simply a heart-out muscle. Morally, I had no qualms. Perrin, suited a new heart and sometimes there was someone who had no further need of his. This was the hope we had to cling to.

PERRIN

The following day Dr. Wilson came to see me. The necessary blood and tissue typing had already been done, he said. St. Michael's was completely set up for heart transplants. My case was going to be presented to the hospital's medical and surgical board the following Tuesday. Meanwhile Dr. Reinhold Gervay, a hematologist and immunologist, would make further tests on me.

I felt as if a great weight had been lifted from me.

On Tuesday, Dr. Wilson told me that the board had accepted me as a possible

transplant recipient if a donor of correct tissue type could be found.

PEG

Dr. Wilson explained that in preparing Perrin's case to the hospital's medical and surgical board no names were used; no one knew he was my husband. The doctors, Perrin was given privacy.

Perrin's room at the hospital was on the floor above the one on which I worked, and after work I would go up and we would chat or read. We did not discuss the impending operation. We didn't allow the subject because we feared what was about to happen, there was nothing really to discuss — we had made our decision and we were confident that Perrin would come through the operation of right.

PERRIN

Bob and his wife Luan kept in touch constantly. They were now moving from New York to Montreal. Luan was eight and a half months pregnant. On November 12, 1988, Paul Wilson Johnson was born, the second name a tribute to Dr. Wilson.

Peg and Susan visited daily. We were more and more accepting in total the impending operation. I guess to me enjoy the thought of surgery, and I was scared. But we all were united in a very positive and optimistic outlook and we were able to have each other's spirits.

The waiting period now was a time for reflection. I came to the conclusion that, was or was not, it was about to make a contribution to society that few men had made. I felt a real meaning and purpose had been added to my life.

Gradually, I felt better and, and to condition myself I would take short walks in the hospital corridors, carefully select my meals and enjoy them. I felt more and more assured that all would be well.

On Saturday, November 18, Dr. Wilson told me that he was going to a meeting in Montreal and that Dr. Louis Castella, a cardiologist, would be taking over for him.

Sundays were quiet days, usually spent reading medical newspapers and watching a football game on TV. Peg and Susan would arrive at supper time, bringing with them a picnic lunch and we would eat together. This evening I was very hungry and stopped an especially

good turkey dinner. Then the nurse came in and asked Peg if she would go to her desk with her and she would show Peg where she had a cache of soups. They seemed to be gone so suddenly long time.

On her return, Peg told my husband in a hush and said, "Well, darling, this is it."

PEG

On November 17 on our arrival at the hospital we were met by the nurse on duty who asked me to call Dr. Castella at his home immediately. I went to the desk to phone. Sitting at the desk was Dr. Yano, the cardiovascular surgeon. He placed us into waiting Perrin's chart. I said, "Van Peg Johnson." He glanced and said he knew. I said, "That is my husband you're looking for your heart." He said very softly, "Oh my God!"

I phoned Dr. Castella. He told me there was a possibility Perrin might have surgery that night. They were waiting for donor's consent, the tissue match was the best one possible but Perrin was not to be told because they could not proceed until someone was deceased.

The moment came. My feelings were mixed. I was jubilant that night, at last something was to be done to save Perrin's life that I was scared stiff, too, knew the dangers involved in the surgery.

Susan and I proceeded to Perrin's room.

He was, containing a turkey dinner, arrived and I thought, "Oh my God! I can't believe this, it should be lasting if he is to have surgery."

Dr. Wilson told me to say nothing — so I said nothing, but prayed the donor would be swift. Perrin ate everything remaining on the medicine of the meal.

Time passed. We talked. Then I was called outside by Nurse Pam Daniels. Dr. Castella was waiting to speak to me — donor's consent had been obtained. Perrin was to receive the heart of an 18-year-old girl called in a gift, the loss of the boy's life granted me, I knew young people. But now, I knew, I had to thank only of Perrin.

I returned to the room and asked Peg to help me. I told her the news had come. "Well, all be damned," he said, and reached for a cigarette.

PERRIN

Then things began to happen quickly. I



Castella, near death (above); now (left) he says, leads an active life.

want's words. I had no second thoughts about my decision to go ahead. Dr. Castella and Dr. Yano came in and Dr. Castella explained that the operation would take place shortly. Dr. Yano studied me in the way with a hand containing A.B.G., an anti-coagulant compound. Father Topping came to give me his blessing although I am not a Roman Catholic. I appreciated that very much.

Time was going short. I was shaved and washed to a scrubber. Peg and Susan came with me as far as possible on the operating room floor. We kissed one another. We had all emotions but the love we had for each other.

PEG

Dr. Yano brought a consent form for the operation. I read it and Perrin signed it — he signed me.

Perrin was in far better. He was given his pre-op sedation and on to the scrubber he went. Susan and Mrs. Kathleen O'Brien, the afternoon supervisor, joined the scrubber and I walked at the head of it with Perrin. I saw a my hands. I thought, "I must realize myself." Perrin said Susan must not use my fear. I must not cry for Susan's sake because she is being to leave and, of course, for Perrin's sake because he would worry about me. I knew we needed each other's strength at that moment. I felt God's presence. I knew I was with us at that night.

Perrin was awaking about his presence where Dr. Yano had, opened the scrubber screen. "Never mind, he said. I said, "To a few minutes you'll get a lovely anesthesia and you won't even know you have a hollow."

We accompanied him as far as we

'We prayed for a miracle, the doctors provided it'

could on the operating-room floor. Susan kissed her father very lovingly, and said "Daddy, we'll be seeing you. We have a dinner date at Sutton Place. God bless you."

It was my turn. I kissed him and told him I'd be with him all the while, and we have later "God bless, darling." He winked, and away he went.

I turned away and, somewhat confused, I took the wrong turn and found myself in my own section of the hospital. There I met Sister St. Jude, who kissed me and said, "Dear, I'm going to the chapel to light a candle, and it will stay lit until he is well again."

We had not met Dr. Clare Barker, who would conduct the operation. I felt no need to talk to him about Perrin's surgery; he was the man in whom we had complete confidence. I knew he was rather retiring in his relationships with the families of his patients. If he wanted to talk to me, he would. He didn't and I was satisfied.

PERRIN

I was wheeled into the operating room where I was greeted cheerily by a nurse and then transferred to the operating table. I was conscious at the general tranquility and simplicity of this room. My only recollection is that of the huge lights directly above me. Then a doctor appeared and told me that I would feel a needle prick in my arm. Then some other voices in the distance. And that was it.

It was some time after this that I opened one eye, took a deep breath, knew there was a new heart beating in my chest and thought, "Thank God, we made it."

PEG

Susan and I returned to Perrin's room. Sister Patricia Anne and Sister Regina Marie arrived bearing a huge tray of coffee and cake. Sister Patricia Anne sat with us and we talked of everything but what was occurring in our hearts. Sister Mary phoned; the operation was going well; they would be finished soon.

With that, the door opened and there stood Dr. Canalis in his green operating-room gown. I dropped the phone.

He was grinning from ear to ear. I had a crazy idea he was about to hand me an Italian one.

His face "he said, 'Perrin, in five minutes your heart will be replaced. It's going to be great. He was on the bypass machine for 64 minutes, shorter time ever.'"

We all hugged and kissed each other and shook hands and almost danced. I thought of Perrin. I could picture his face, and I wanted to smile at him. We have a silly favorite song, *Dear World*, and I thought "Dear world!" I thought of Bob and Peter — I had to share the good news to them. I thought of the doctors of their education and training. I thought of Dr. John Wilson in Montreal, missing this miracle. And I gave thanks to God.

I phoned Bob. I kept thinking "Dear God, dear God." I said "Bobby, he's okay!" My big sis said "Oh, sweetie, sweetie." Neither of us called Bob. Later, then she phoned me. She was so happy and excited and was crying and laughing.

When the celebration following the good news was over, I paused for a moment to take stock. I did not cry. I could not think. I did not weep.

PERRIN

I opened both eyes. I felt no pain, no sense of strangeness that a new heart was beating in my chest. It was soon and I felt as the late former Clint East. I was connected by wires to a monitor and had an assortment of tubes plugged into me here and there. Dr. Canalis patted and nodded was beside me. I asked about the cold he thought he was coming down with the night before. It hadn't developed, he said.

The only real discomfort I felt was from the cast-restraints about I had been given before the operation. I felt surprisingly well. Like all who have suffered heart attacks, I had, before surgery, been completely conscious of my heart, conscious of its beat, aware of any irregularity. Now for the first time in four years, I was unaware of my heart. I knew only that I had a new, healthy one, which obviously was functioning as a healthy heart should. There was no sense of something "foreign" inside my chest. I did not listen apprehensively to the beat of the new heart, worrying about how it performed. I found that thank God for the first time in years I could forget my heart, and I could sleep peacefully.



Dr. Clare B. Barker, the man who gave Perrin Johnston a new heart.

The nurses spoke to me. I answered them — and promptly went back to sleep, feeling very content.

PEG

There was great excitement throughout the hospital following "our first transplant" and everyone was wildly interested in Perrin's progress. While we were having coffee, Dr. Yao visited us. He said Perrin was fine and had been sometimes one and a half hours after his operation, which is remarkable after such surgery. Dr. Donald Pridgen, the anesthesiologist, and Dr. Canalis would spend the night with Perrin.

Sleep for me was impossible. At about 5:30 a.m. I arose and went to mass in the beautiful little chapel. What peace and confidence I felt.

When I returned to the room, Susan was awake. We decided we should try to not breakfast. I had been told that Perrin had been transferred to the Intensive Care Unit at 5 a.m. and was doing well. We were jubilant.

This day is etched in my memory. I know we were constantly congratulated and wished well, with many hugs and kisses from old friends. Around 2 p.m. Dr. Pridgen and Dr. Canalis came to our room and said, "Coffee, see Perrin." I wanted to run all the way, but suddenly walked the corridor with Susan at my side. I was capped, powdered, washed and bearded and taken into his isolation room.

He was lying on his side, tubes and machines all around, but he looked wonderful. I took his hand and kissed it. He said, "Hi there." I asked him how he felt. He said, "I have a sore bottom. I had one last night and I still have it!" I stayed for about two minutes and then I just had to get out of there. That was the last time I held hands with him for three weeks.

PERRIN

My isolation room was partitioned off from the rest of the Intensive Care Unit with large windows on two sides — one directly in front of me and one to my

The Hero



for bringing honour and glory to all who serve it.

A new heart—and then a yen for TV*

left. The door led to a small room containing the sterile cups and gowns that the doctors and nurses put on before entering it to see me. I was able to see my family through one window and soon to someone, system was installed so that we could talk. The lights were on in varying degrees at all times and for a few days it was hard to distinguish night from day.

On Tuesday I sat on the side of the bed and changed my legs. Later, Peg, Bob and Susan and I had a pleasant conversation with the nurses. Wednesday, Dr. Pothoven came in and asked the nurses if they were going to put me in the around in bed, get him up, he said, let him walk around the bed. Each day there was a marked improvement in my condition and doctors from other hospitals were brought in to see and talk to me through the glass.

I was afraid that the rest of the intensive care unit was really aware of my presence. If I was uncomfortable or felt pain when turning I would emit a sound similar to that of a ball being hit over the head with a leg. I complained about being stuck in a child's cot (beds in the intensive care and coronary unit are smaller than regular hospital beds and have round sides).

I developed unusual sleep habits. I slept whenever I felt like it—but not usually during the night. This was the time I wanted to talk and be soothed. Extra attempts were made to try to silence me but to no avail. A sleeping pill would put me away for a couple of hours. One night I went to sleep around midnight, woke up, and around 2 a.m. I was awakened by a nurse holding a pill and a glass of water. I asked what it was. A sleeping pill she said. "Oh no!" I yelled. "That's the stupid hospital joke in my life." But it turned out that this was really their strategy in trying to get me to sleep more.

The doctors were pleased with my progress. I began to hug them about seeing the Argon-Dinos football game on Sunday night after my operation. A TV set was installed at the foot of my bed. I put on my basketball and watched that disastrous game. The Argon led 36-44.

PEG

On Tuesday Bob, Susan and I went to see Penn. He sat on the side of his bed and spoke briefly but cheerfully to us. After we left him and saw that our arms around each other and wept—the first

time any of us had wept and they were out of my mind.

In a few days Penn was walking about his room and grumbling about missing the football game on Saturday. A TV set was installed. But Penn was grumbling about all sorts of things, which was most unusual for him. Not once in the four years of his illness had he been so free of his mind but he made up for it now.

Susan and I stayed with Penn. Five days at the hospital. Now we decided we must return home and pick up our lives again.

PERRIN

The mental attitudes of the heart-transplant recipient and his family provide an important contribution to the knowledge of the medical and surgical team. I was not a tranquil or passive patient. I had to feel that I was participating in the overall effort. Because of this, the doctors and nurses kept me constantly informed as to my condition, and I told them exactly how I felt about the medication and discomforts.

I knew that I had had one of the most successful operations of this kind ever performed, and that it must have been the cause for me to be around for some time. From now on I would be able to give as much to humanity through knowledge gained from my experiences, tests and treatment as I had received.

PEG

Susan and I were attempting to keep up with the doctors and the nurses that our friends and relatives were sending and we wrote our notes on the disk on our side of the glass partition. Penn would during the occasional answer from his side. By now, he was healthy, happy and very talkative.

Three weeks and three days after the operation Penn was transferred across the hall to where he called "his hospital," a semi-private unit containing a room where we scrubbed, gowned and masked before entering Penn's own room. One evening Dr. Yoo came by and told me I looked dreadful in that gown-and-mask get-up — for heaven's sake he said, take it off! I was happy, it meant Penn was getting better.

He was now allowed to walk in the corridors accompanied by a nurse, and would sit on my floor at the hospital for a few moments every day. He was happy to be among people again.

PERRIN

In the new quarters I still used an someone to talk with visitors other than my family, but Peg and the children were now allowed to come into my room. It was a treat to occupy a full-sized bed once again and to have a telephone. Room 1 was able to go for walks in the hospital, cuffed, masked, gowned, hooded, and accompanied by a nurse carefully dressed. We looked like striding Martians. Then I advanced to wearing my own clothes and walking about on my own.

It wasn't until just the day before that Dr. Wilkins asked me what I thought about going home for Christmas day. I replied that I had better go so I had heard on the radio that I was going.

December 25 arrived and I was dressed and waiting when my family came to pick me up. I was on my way home for the first time since October. It was wonderful.

PEG

We opened presents for a few minutes and then the press arrived. They took up most of the evening. We had a memorable day and Penn returned to the hospital at midnight more fit than any of us.

PERRIN

I had no ill effects from my short excursion to the outside world and plans were made for my discharge from the hospital.

I was told that when I left the hospital I was to lead a normal life within the limits of my tolerance for exercise. Moderation should be the keynote. No day, I jog, walk, miles, shop, attend movies and the theatre, drive out on the coast and go to parties. I prepare our dinner every night and do minor repairs around our apartment. I am taking a year off and hope to return to the world of business in a few months. I take one day at a time and these have been good days.

But all of this was still ahead for me when Dr. Wilkins came to my room in St. Michael's Hospital and told me that there was no point in my lingering about the hospital any longer. I could leave on Friday, January 3, he said.

As last that long-awaited, long-awaited day arrived. Peg and I were made and waiting when my father came by to pick us up. We left the hospital through a crowd of reporters, photographers, TV cameras, flash bulbs and bright lights.

I was going home. □

The 1970 Pontiacs.



Contour, Firebird, Coupe

Trans Am, LeMans Sport, LeMans and Tempest

This is the way it's going to be.

Said. Beautiful. Confident. An all-new Pontiac now says it's going to be.

And says it through 48 exciting models for 1970. Five and foremost there are the new Pontiac Grand Prix, GTD, 2+2, Parisienne, Laurentian and Strato-Chief models.

And heading up a list of Pontiac newcomers are the magnificent new Bonneville with a 455 V8

(Pontiac's biggest ever standard engine) and a long-stroking 325-cc wheelbase and the luxurious new Executive and Catalina.

Rounding out the roster of new additions to the Pontiac family is a completely new line of mid-size Pontiacs—LeMans Sport, LeMans and Tempest. If it's an immediate Pontiac you're looking for in 1970, your good news is on the next two pages.



Le Mans Sport Four-door Hardtop

Coach 'n' vinyl. Buckle up! A black belt we suggest. It's also new.

The biggest car news of 1970. Pontiac's new trim size: Tempest, Le Mans, Le Mans Sport.

Fast. Young. And full of fun.

Now you know how it's going to be. So move over you other intermediates. Twelve all-new mid-size Pontiacs have arrived on the scene. And the scene looks all the better for it!

If you haven't already, take a few minutes to look at the Pontiac above. It's a Le Mans Sport Four-door Hardtop. You're going to be seeing more and more of that sleek, purposeful styling. It's a fine action car you've been longing for. A trim-size leader with fun built right in. And a price tag that's downright practical.

The new line includes coupes, sedans, hard tops, station wagons, and a convertible, replete with such desirable Pontiac features as hidden windshield wipers and upper-level ventilation on most models. Side Guard Beams for your added protection and elegantly designed interiors with rich, durable fabrics. With your radio you get a hidden windshield antenna. Standard engine is a tough, reliable and economical 186-hp six. If you wish, up to 330 hp can be ordered.

Of course, if your fancy runs to sporting machinery, there's another member of Pontiac's trim-size family you should meet.

GTO for 1970. The Humble.

And how it handles! With a standard 400-hp six, 330-hp V8 linked to a three-speed with Hurst Shifter. With dual exhausts. A heavy-duty clutch. High rate springs and shocks. Front and rear stabilizer bars. All wrapped in sleek new styling featuring GTO's famous full-width Endura front end.

If you wish to be seen more decisively with

your handling, try The Judge with its functional hood scoops feeding a Ram Air 366 hp V8, rear deck spoiler, and a host of other performance extras aimed to put the competition down in style.

So there you have it. The big news for 1970. Now there's a line of intermediates with the Pontiac nameplate.

This is the way fun is going to be.

We take the fun of driving seriously.





and Smith's gypsy dress in jersey from Singer, at Nazare, Portugal. Necklace: Geoffrey Haberman

THE NEW MOOD OF DRAMA FOR FALL

The clothes you see on these pages are all by David Smith of Toronto, from his fall collection. We asked him to try some of the design in the newly available fabrics from Singer Centres. Since they were to be photographed in Portugal, he blended his own sensibility of that moody, exciting country with looks you'll be seeing soon.



stage's olden wood (17th century) background: jigsaw of acrylic jersey. Hair: Elio Schiavi

A few yards of extra fabric make a turban-shawl to complement Mr. Smith's acrylic-jersey jumpsuit, which features a scooped neckline. These are crease-resistant fabrics for all seasons, their manufacturers say, as useful for a poolside party as they are for a ski lodge. They range from bonded wools to Crimplene. ▶



or impetuous mood of Portugal provided perfect setting for full look: stark, elegant, dramatic



Although many of the styles thus fall seem to be repeats of last year, the feeling is more elegant and dramatic, less tricked up with bits and pieces. The stark lines of a maxi-coat need only a long scarf of fur or wool or, as above, a peasant shawl from a shop in the Alfama — the ancient Moorish section of Lisbon ▶ page 66

(Advertisement)



Your son and the Canadian Armed Forces. Votre fils et les Forces armées canadiennes.

"What's the matter with kids today?" "They're all a bunch of hippies!" "They're great on protesting but not much on solutions."

Far enough. There is an element of today's young society that has excited these pundits. But every responsible Canadian parent knows that there is at the same time a vastly larger group of young students who are industrious, rational, and eager to do something positive with their lives.

A number of these people choose to continue their schooling — at a Canadian Military College. These are the young men who are joining the Canadian Armed Forces through the Regular Officer Training Plan. Why do they do it? And should you too?

Consider three aspects. First, by joining the ROTP, a young man commits himself to a certain number of years of hard work, training, and learning. We teach him. We measure. We reward. And so on.

The young man receives a complete and excellent university schooling (at one of the Military Colleges or at selected universities). He receives a degree. But more important than that, he becomes a man. He has discovered what he wants to do with his life and that he can make a meaningful contribution to Canada in the Canadian Forces.

If you know someone who has a son at one of our Military Colleges, make five minutes and talk with him. Or, we would be delighted to have you visit one of our colleges. At any college you choose you'll find all our students are fine young men we're proud of. You will be impressed.

We have three colleges. The Royal Military College of Canada at Kingston, Ontario, Royal Roads Military College in Victoria, B.C., and The College Militaire Royal de St. Jean, in St. Jean, Quebec.

The way the world is today, it can use all the bright, sensible young people it can get. The ROTP of the Canadian Armed Forces is a good way to assure that the world gets them.

For more information on the Canadian Military Colleges, write the Registrar of one of the Military Colleges or to the Director of Recruiting, Canadian Forces Headquarters, Ottawa 4, Ontario.

Le régiment défait. Une dame qui le regardait se tourne vers sa voisine: "Vous avez vu qu'il n'y a que mon fils qui ait le pas."

La jeunesse d'aujourd'hui donne peut-être l'impression d'avoir perdu le pas. Constatation et stérilité. Beaucoup de bruit et très peu d'actions constructives.

Mais les parents savent bien qu'il suffit d'une minorité pour créer une impression défavorable, tandis qu'il y a une majorité de jeunes gens sérieux dont on n'entend jamais parler. Et parmi ces jeunes gens qui veulent orienter leur vie d'une façon positive, beaucoup choisissent de poursuivre leurs études dans un collège militaire canadien. Ils s'inscrivent alors au Programme de formation d'officiers des Forces armées.

Si votre fils faisait ce choix, imaginez-vous dans quel genre de "patrice" il s'entraînerait.

Pendant cinq ans, il apprendra ce, tout systématiquement que physiquement. La scolarité pourra se passer au collège militaire même, ou dans une université. Il en sortira avec un baccalauréat en arts, en génie ou en sciences, et en brevet d'officier. Mais surtout, il en sortira un homme, un jeune, conscient de ce qu'il fait de sa vie et de la contribution qu'il peut apporter à son pays dans les Forces armées canadiennes.

Ne cherchiez pas de quoi il s'agit. Parlez-en avec les gens en cause. Si vous avez des amis dont le fils étudie dans un de nos collèges militaires, discutez avec lui. Vous saurez tout. Vous verrez que nous avons raison d'être fiers. Nous avons trois collèges: le Collège Militaire Royal de St-Jean, à St-Jean, Québec; le Royal Military College of Canada, à Kingston, Ontario; et Royal Roads Military College, à Victoria, Colombie Britannique. Le monde d'aujourd'hui a grandement besoin de la contribution de tous les jeunes gens intelligents et sages qui ont les qualités de demain. Le Programme de formation d'officiers des Forces armées forme des hommes.

Renseignez-vous sur les collèges militaires canadiens en écrivant au registraire d'un collège militaire ou au Directeur du recrutement, Quartier général des Forces canadiennes, Ottawa 4, Ontario.

En fin de course: un homme, un vrai!

15-102

Introducing Zenith

CHROMACOLOR

A revolutionary new color television system featuring a new patented color picture tube...that outcolors...outbrightens...outdetails...and outperforms...every giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor!



We would like to show you Chromacolor's secret of the simulated TV picture of color. Because it is impossible to accurately reproduce the Chromacolor picture in a magazine, we invite you to visit a Zenith dealer and compare Chromacolor with any other color TV.

After years of pioneering research, Zenith introduced one of the biggest breakthroughs in color TV history: Chromacolor. A light system that brings you a color picture over 100% brighter, with finer colors, sharper detail and greater contrast than any giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor.

The heart of the system is the revolutionary new Chromacolor picture tube, incorporating Zenith's patented black surround principle. Where you view giant-screen color pictures have been right up off thousands of tiny red, green, and blue dots on a gray background, Zenith found a way to reduce the dots in size, surround them with jet black, and for the first time, fully illuminate every dot.

You'll see the difference immediately—not only greater brilliance, but dramatically new contrast, new definition, and new sharpness of detail.



Magnified drawing of ordinary RGB picture screen



Magnified drawing of new Zenith Chromacolor picture screen

The new Chromacolor system also features Zenith's exciting Color Commander Control

Now one control simultaneously adjusts contrast, color level and brightness in proper balance to provide the most pleasing picture for any light conditions in the room.

Plus:

New Titan Handcrafted Color Chassis with exclusive solid state Dura-Module for greater dependability.

New RGB Color Circuitry is more sophisticated for higher color fidelity.

Exclusive Chromatic Brain with the first integrated circuit ever used to produce a color TV picture.

Exclusive Gold Video Guard Tuner with 16-carat gold contacts for longer TV life.

Exclusive Zenith APC Control electronically fine-tunes the color picture of the flick of a finger.

See new Zenith Handcrafted Color TV with the exclusive Chromacolor system at your Zenith dealer's Chromacolor—the dramatic difference you see see in color TV!



The quality goes in before the show goes on

Johnnie Walker.

The perfect blend of what people like most in one scotch.



Smooth enough to be the world's largest selling scotch



In the Alhambra children had made a mock religious procession for model. They thought she looked like a saint.

The shrouded, chaste look indicates the covering up that's retreating. The mini and see-through will, of course, prevail, but as Mr. Smith says: "The longer, bulkier look for fall demands a small neat head. What easier way of doing it than with a few extra yards of fabric for a wrapped head — it's new, chic and glamorous." □

PRODUCED BY
MARJORIE SHAKES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SHEVILEY BICKETT
Fashion Color: Roger Crouse
Hairstyle: Open to Forward side
DAP (Trompsdorff, Adams, Perinelli)
Make-Up: Sarah Fickelberg, Toronto



Good designs
start and
finish with

ARBORITE



Beauty, durability, availability...ARBORITE lays it on!

Mediterranean Pecan for cupboards...
Fire Red for the refrigerator and range
hood... White Capri for counter-tops
... of vibrant Mediterranean kitchen,
proof of the endless possibilities with
ARBORITE decorative laminates.
Over 150 of them. Unsurpassed in
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ARBORITE.
An excellent choice for arch decorators,
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Wiser's SPECIAL BLEND

A special blend of
light Wiser's whiskies with
distinctive older whiskies
added for smooth
mellow flavour.



It costs no more to
drink a whisky that's
older and Wiser's

FROM A DISTILLERY NOTED FOR WELL-AGED WHISKY • WISER'S BELLEVILLE, CANADA

Life in the Jet Age, once you get off the jet.



There's nothing like landing
to bring you down to earth again.
Sloshing through crowds,
Pinning in line-ups. Trying
for the life of you to figure out how,
at this rate, you're going to make it
to that meeting in 30 minutes.

Arise Arise a Car can help
Because we don't believe that
the Jet Age should stretch to a stop
just because your jet has.

Arise to make sure it doesn't, we've got our
money where our belief is.

Here a number of new trans-
suits, all geared to getting you into
out of our shiny new Flymovers
and on your way again. Even faster
than before.

"Time waits for no man."
Chester, 16th century.

"No man should have to wait."
Arist, 1968.

Take right off again
with Aris.





Drama lovers, sports lovers, laugh lovers, variety lovers,

♥ **Canadian drama lovers:** you'll love *McQueen*, a newsmen who cuts about his city, the people in its streets who die, not so much from bullets as from lack of love. *Lovers* of sports will adore *Wednesday nights*, a round bag of novels. *Canadian drama and documentary*—two kinds of unforgettable involvement every week.

♥ **Sunday at Nine** for action/drama lovers, starts off its parade of newsmen with a temp-hot human drama of probations and pardons struggling to wipe out an unhappy pet—location, Vancouver!

♥ **Cover**: A young doctor enters general practice to find people are not textbook cases.

♥ **Adventures in Rainbow Country**, the modern-day fairy adventures of a 14-year-old Canadian boy growing up in rugged and beautiful Northern Ontario.

♥ **News for information lovers**—*Wagland*, a penetrating and stimulating two-part portrait of people and things changed up by the perpetual action of our evolving society. *Saturday* and *Sunday* nights.

♥ **CBC National News** comes out in color this season—then during the week add *Men Alive*, *Front Page Challenge* and *The Nature of Things*.

♥ **Sports lovers**—your first love—*Hockey Night in Canada*

information lovers, action lovers, television lovers!

plus coverage of every major men and women's event of the year, CIL/NFL Football, baseball, golf.

♥ **Variety lovers** can get together with *Tony Hunter*, *Red Skelton*, *Ed Sullivan* and great specials for *Surprise* lovers all year long.

♥ **Faithful lovers** will welcome back *Name of the Game*, *Mission Impossible*, *Bonanza*, *Julia*, *Gunsmoke*, *Don't Say*.

♥ **For laugh lovers** this year on CBC—*Louie* is plus *The Governor and J.J.* with *Don Quixote* and *Julie* Sanner doing their father and daughter thing. And watch for *Delbert Reynolds* in a sports editor's wife

who knows the score. *Finally* for lovers of clean laughs—the humour of *James Thurber's My World and Welcome To It*.

♥ **Action lovers** stand by for the new *Bill Cosby Show* week Bill as a high school played teacher by day, everything from private eye to babysitter at night.

♥ **For the bold hearted adventure lovers**—*The Bold Ones* with *E. G. Marshall*, *Burt Reynolds*, and *Leslie Nielsen* in the tough and tender world of medicine, law and law enforcement.

♥ **CBC is for Television Lovers.**



THE HUNTING BAG

It's that time again — when grey-flannel man turns Fearless Hunter, and becomes a seasonable target for cartoonist Jon McKee



Geben Sie mir ein
Dewar's, bitte!

Mi dia un
Dewar's
per favore!

Donnez-moi un
Dewar's
s'il vous plait!

Dewar's を
一杯下さい!



"Give me a Dewar's, please." The same in any language, Dewar's needs no translation. It is recognized around the world as the finest of Scotch Whisky blends. Wherever you go, before you say "Scotch", say "Dewar's."



The Scotch...
it never varies

Dunbarton, blended and bottled in Scotland



I'm not embarrassed.

I used to feel really badly when I picked up the pictures I got out of my camera.

Sure, I thought I was doing everything right, but there was just too much to do. Focus, a second set of light meters, exposure settings (that's right, several), shutters.

Sometimes, something, something I was just wrong. And you can bet a shoulder, so in the end, I was right to be an expert. I was trying to master it. There was, like, Yashica Electro 35.

You just set the little thing to light, cloudy or indoor. And you're off.

No worries, no problems.

The beauty of it is that the Yashica Electro 35 really makes me feel professional. Cause it is. So every time I use it.

And if I do happen to turn you just when they come out, it's not my style.

Not embarrassing.



Yashica Electro 35

Yashica Division, Argus-Columbia Ltd.
140 Columbia Street, Montreal, Q.T., P.Q.

TALKBACK From page 39

A Canadian is a Canadian

The question posed by Alan Edwards in *Expo '76*, "What is a Canadian?", is becoming a great bore. The only reason why Canadians supposedly have an identity problem is because they have the good taste not to challenge people of other countries with the same question. Ask our readers in the north: "What is an American?" What two Americans would come up with the same answer? Is there any pit answer? Any answer as rare as Canada, and embracing so many people of different ethnic origins, cannot and need not have any pit answer to its foolish question.

FLORENCE BOURGEOIS, PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

Soak it to him

It is surprising that the Montreal Star should be infomercialized with the adjective "hypocritical" for stating self-evident facts in stories about Montreal Police Bureau Troop Paul Gilbert (Crested: You Should Know). In a city where the numerous uninvolved motorists are the rule rather than the exception, it is paradoxical that Montreal police should expend much a great amount of time and energy harassing the so-called "happy population." — ROBERT GILBY, FORTVILLE, CALIFORNIA; TELEPHONE 618-0000, MONTREAL

The Gruesome Trade

Rachel Weiss's article was especially disturbing to us in living in Pakistan, where there are many parallels with conditions in India. For a Westerner, the biggest difference is the existence of poly and concubines. However, women must burden their lives by giving in a child with only weeks when his legs should be, they may be condemning innocent healthy child to the same fate of being raised into a beggarly cripple. The gruesome trade to beggary is kept going by cynics of religion men who insist on kidnapping children, leading them or breaking limbs before selling them up to money-grubbing or money-loving and money-loving. — HINA KUMAR, 1, CANAL, DELHI, INDIA, HARY PAKISTAN

Make that a double

In *How To Make Money (Or Maybe Lose It) On Whiskey You Never See (Before)*, Harvey Kullbacker describes Quebec, Paris as Canada's only full-time whiskey broker. We would like to point out that our company, as a full-time whiskey broker, operates the Pacific Cherry House of Canadian Whiskey in Vancouver. — PETER A. HALLING, PRESIDENT, HALLING VENTURES LTD., WEST VANCOUVER

Canada — after the anger passes

I spent 14½ years in the Army. I was very proud of my service, but a few years through a period of intense in-flight Canada such as French-Canadian singer Tex Leduc described. It was not until I was able to return to my surroundings that hostilities subsided.

MISS ANNETTE GIMMER, PRINCETON, ONT. □



Right now, the summer vacation you missed is waiting 700 miles at sea.

Summer hasn't said "goodbye" to Bermuda.

She is waiting there just for you. Waiting on the golf courses, tennis courts and beaches. Waiting for you underneath the moon and the stars.

Summer will not leave you in Bermuda. She will keep you company through all of your pleasure-filled days and nights. She is at home in Bermuda, and you will be, too.

Because ours is an island not yet caught in the dizzy, surging, tension-filled wave of our times. The gracious beauty and tranquility of another age is hiding here in Bermuda.

Our island is not only closer to where you are.

It is closer to where your heart wants to be.

Just 700 miles at sea.

Tell your travel agent to send you on your way. Or get further information from Bermuda, Dept. MC 69, 85 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ontario.

Bermuda

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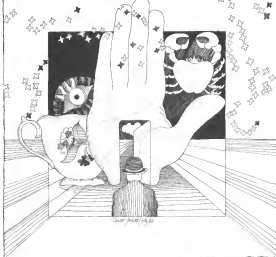
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Tonight's forecast: sunny and bright.

Morgan White Rum. Bright light on the party horizon. Performs all the light rum duties with exceptional good taste. But it also makes a smarter sour, a smoother Manhattan and a brighter Martini. Surprised? Morgan White Rum, non-sweet and light, adds a sunny and bright touch to most cocktails and mixes. It's the big rum in Canada. Morgan White. The light of the party.

Morgan White Rum



Read any good horoscopes lately?

FOR THE FIRST TIME, I'm busy trying to find out why Canadians are going on for what is probably the biggest revival of astrology since the fall of Babylon which occurred in 539 B.C.

Nobody even looks at you out of the corner of an eye now if you say your moon is in *Pisces*. Horoscopes now appear regularly in most women's magazines, like recipes or fashions. Most newspapers run a daily horoscope for someone with a mysticist name, like *Belinda* or *Deanna*. A course in astrology-guided right classes at Centennial College of Applied Arts and Technology in Toronto last fall and is scheduled again for this fall. TV now shows Canadian homes with such expressions as, *"Rugby Traveller"*, *"On Channel 11, in Hamilton, Ontario: The Sage of Agassiz, dressed in black robes and wearing a meditation hat, was a master, answers questions put to him by a deadly serious audience."*

Simon & Schuster sells 169,000 *Man-o-graph* books a year in Canada, with *Wingspread*, the leading market, and *Edmonton* next. They also sold 200,000 copies of *Arthur Dahl's Beauty Scope* in the first four months after it came on the market in February. This gives little hints such as "Your Darlin' loves him to eat" (and a strange thing is that no copies are ever returned from bookstores in *Vancouver*).

Edison's old adjuvant charts that look like old rheumatism-medicine ads and the Toronto headquarters store devoted 150 square feet of second-floor space to displaying such things as *coloured charms*. Most magazine stands sell *Zeller's Official Astroscope*, which advertises precision care of your-moving spray and love soap with jutehairs on.

On top of all this there is sharply increased interest in *tarot cards*, *numerology*, *teacup-reading* and *palimsey*, which,

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN
Illustration by Mike Rowlands



I'm told by an old puna reader, is very big in a bar that stretches from the Okanagan Valley through southern B.C. kashowana and down into northern Ontario, where hard-rock miners used to use it as aphrodisiac watching them run like dinky little mousheps to find out if their obstacle has enough three South-finger crosses their love line.

Astrologers believe the cause of all this is that the world is moving into a better age, the Aquarian Age, because of a slight shift in the position of the sun among the stars each spring. This is the theme of the song *Aquarius* in the musical *Man*. Allen Springer, Toronto *Daily Star* columnist and author of *The Unexplained*, who believes there's something in astrology, although he admits nobody knows what, thinks it's a synopsis of the same thing that's turning people to drugs. Springer points out that the physicist Jung believed it. I. W. Smallwood, vice-president of Sunco & Schuster of Canada, a chemical Aquarian giving more and more sheltered by the day, wanted to me if he'd just contacted the cosmic egg and said "You'd go deeper if you sat behind this desk and tried to figure out what's going to sell," he added considerably good on reality as he says "You know, there are people who think they can talk to plants."

I have some theories of my own. For one thing, I think astrology appeals to people who like to write a lot. Since word looked out that I was interested in astrology, I've been given an estimated 10,000 words of reading material without asking for it, and which I'm not going to read so much of it is typed roughs on blotting paper or looks as if it were Xeroxed by computer. One man sends me something every day, on different-sized sheets. It's just like a loose whisper from The Other Side. The last one I received said several astrologers used to believe each planet was ruled by angels, but that now it has been proven they aren't. This message was accompanied by a cheerful note reading: "Did you know Madonna King was a seer?"

Astrologers can write endlessly about anything and can get by on some of the subtle predictions known to man, along with some of the most puzzling remarks. A child who has just said his domestic cat is at Moon in his beltchion," one writer said, and floated off into Opalescence to another subject.

People get the same kind of pleasure from recommending horoscope readers that they used to get from knowing book-leggers. I mentioned to a circulation man I've known for years that I was writing an article on astrology, and he gave me the name of a woman with a PhD in astrology who said she would draw up my horoscope. When I didn't know the hour of my birth, she read

briskly, she'd punch it out for me at 10:00, though it should have got caught in a cosmic draft because I never got it.

Nobody seems to worry about knowing anything down and the laws of physics are loose and congenial. One talented artist I met at a party told me he had a solar system inside his head like the one inside me. She didn't explain it, or explain for it. She just gave it to me with a piece of peanuts, and left it with me.

Men who believe in astrology do the same thing except that they get more if you don't believe them. One man I first associated who I began to know is looking for a Prozac wife, told me I was made of 75 percent water and who was I to tell them saying the moon didn't rape babies in me? The stars and I both merged with electrons and the only reason I didn't get involved on another plane when I walked past an electronic guinea was that I was shocked — and he implied that if I'd reached 98 without having a psychic experience was I?

Women usually laugh if it doesn't seem like believing in horoscopes, but women don't always feel funny when they laugh. A woman will pick up a horoscope, say, "Lies! In this women's," read a paragraph about me and about 10 seconds forget you are there and go on reading as if she had just discovered gravity.

Many women carry little horoscopes in their purses — such as the *Dick Poole Book* — although they claim they don't believe them but just look at them to see if yesterday's horoscope was right.

A woman will also sit, waiting for an hour to have her horoscope read, then come out flushed and downright looking sad and say "He's a phony," already making plans to get a better reading next Sunday, but with no magic intact.

But women know what they're doing all the same. Astrology is one of the few fields left that leave you feeling like something more than a number in the machine. As I have a better reading next Sunday, but with no magic intact. I felt something of the last week when I dropped into a teaching to see what was in my future. A tall, distinguished, innocent-looking man with grey sideburns greeted me at liberty in a little booth. He sat at an oval table, read my tarot and tarot cards, held off my horoscope, put my hands on a crystal ball, broke into a little chant, and I was a poet said that all Germans were, inside my palms up and said I had some money coming and that I was going to Japan, and that I had a perfume in the middle of my hand that meant I'd never hold on to any money and when I said by God he was right but how did he know, he said, "Craps! That knowledge is as old as Egypt."

I talk me closer to witnessing the middle of life, but it was the first time I'd felt like a fascinating character since I passed 30. □

Now television is obsolete.

Get a new Bauer Super 8 movie camera, and you may never watch TV again. The magical camera, Bauer Super 8 gives you years of movie making fun. Watch your little movie stars on tape with framing like the Dancer II to 1000 fps, and automatic CDS (auto-focus) exposure control. You shoot exactly what you see with Bauer's through-the-lens viewfinder. There are 5 Super 8 cameras, one for every budget. Ask your local store for the full line, you'll see how the Bauer Super 8 works.



Bauer Super 8 TV substitute.

For your dealer, visit: **Super 8 Film Exchange Ltd.** 115 Kipling Avenue, North York, Ontario M2P 1C6.

You're 5000 miles from home, you don't speak the language and you need a doctor.

If you thought ahead, you can look in your pocket.

Whether you travel for vacation fun or important business, there are away things you should know. It may not be a crisis — perhaps just what to have for lunch. Or how many Cansinos in a dollar. Most the reason and Jetliner will send you the most useful traveler's book ever compiled. 90 full-color pages, it's worth one dollar, but it's yours for free.

Marvel on the move with map-loaded Jetliner Grand Prix luggage. "Marvelite ABS" molded coverings resist chipping and peeling and have rollers built right in. Jetliner can take it and look great year after year. See Jetliner at your dealer's soon.



Please send me **FREE** your helpful 40 page book "Away we go!"

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You'll be pleasantly surprised
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Homeowner's Insurance
protects you against loss
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than you can count
... at low cost.

Allstate Auto
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Allstate Sick Pay
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Allstate sells just about every kind
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You're in good hands
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Not all services are available in all provinces.



Triple Crown.
One of the smoothest ways
to melt the ice.

1

If you
had to roll up
this map...



Which Canada would you choose?

APART FROM the addition of Newfoundland, the map of Canada hasn't changed much during this century. It has been a mirror of reassurance for a nation never quite certain of its own shape or identity. In moments of intense self-doubt we could always pull out the old atlas, trace the familiar boundaries and say, "Yes, Canada does exist and we look like this."

Boundaries, however, are merely imaginary lines men has drawn on the surface of the globe, as ephemeral as stars themselves. Wars of conquest, shifting loyalties and cultural upheaval have ensured that modern cartographers are seldom unemployed. Their next big revision may be with Canada. The chances are we'll emerge from our protracted constitutional crisis with an image that is far from familiar. The state of 1999 could reflect a country that has had plastic surgery performed on its political face.

Maclean's isn't advocating such wholesale revision. In fact, we're rather fond of the confederal map shown above. But there are other people in Canada who aren't so nostalgic and who would like to see our boundaries altered to conform with what they see as today's realities. Foremost among them are Quebec's separatists — and we all know how they would like the map of Canada to look.

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL Maps by Harold Kharber

2

Here's how Canada would look consolidated into eight subdivisions — including the "six provinces" of Park *and Montreal. This map values the most sense today in terms of population grouping and economic efficiency. New capital would be needed for Atlantic (Regina?), Ontario (Burlington?) and Atlantic (Fredericton?). Another revision would distribute the potentially rich Arctic resources more equally.



3

If Quebec does become a separate nation, communications between east and west might be preserved by a "Polar-corridor" type of transcontinental highway running through the Eastern Townships and across the top of Maine. As a quiet prelude for granting this access route, the United States might demand a similar highway linking the State of Washington with the southern tip of Alaska.



4

This is the map that dedicated United Empire Loyalists have nightmares about. The United States has been reluctant to incorporate four new Canadian states — although Washington might prefer to administer the divisions shown in Map 2. Either way, an independent Quebec becomes a French-speaking enclave surrounded by a continental American waking up.



WHICH IS YOUR CANADA?

Our parliamentary form of government purposely eschews plebiscites. We vote for or against party programs only rarely and indirectly on particular issues. Thus individuals seldom have an opportunity to speak out on the matters that concern them most. So here is a chance to say how you think Canada should look by the end of the century. Fill out this form and return it to "Canamaps," Maclean's, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 101, Ontario.

I PREFER CANADA TO RESEMBLE MAP No. _____

My reasons are: _____

Further comments: _____

Mr. _____ Address: _____

Mrs. _____

Age if under 21: _____

PLUS A GRAND PRIZE OF \$500 for the best short essay, limited to 500 words, on the general subject of Canada's political future. The winning entry plus the results of the Canamaps survey will be published in *Maclean's*. □

Every woman's guide to a ROGUE



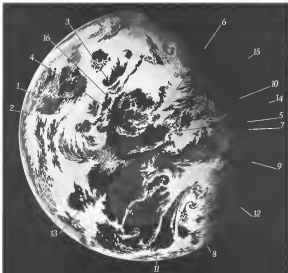
For the man who is always
a winner, *Rogue* the Total
Exposure image maker
that never gambles with
fashion authority.

\$100.00



MADE IN CANADA

Hyde Park
Clothes



It's a small world after all. We know it.

And we know it well. Like our own backyard.
We helped to make it a little smaller.

By means of an international flight network
that connects 43 cities in 45 countries:
Buenos Aires, Montreal and New York¹
London², Paris³

Rome⁴ and Moscow⁵
Tel-Aviv⁶, Johannesburg⁷, Cairo⁸ and Athens⁹
And smaller centres like Addis¹⁰ and Dar-Es-Salaam¹¹
Los Palmas¹² or Bangkok¹³.

Now we even fly across the top of the world from
Tokyo¹⁴ to Brussels¹⁵ where all our routes meet.

For this extensive network is only one side
of our world. The other is service.

Like personnel who speak your language.

And serve your favourite dish - with a smile.

And do all the small extras that make us known
as Europe's most helpful airline.

Come fly with us.



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Connect your travel agent or Sabena at Brussels, Geneva, London, Rome, Vienna, Zurich, Frankfurt, Amsterdam.

Look through the SR-T101. You're ready!



You can focus, focus and the
aperture & shutter speed while your
eye's at the viewfinder.

That's the Minolta SR-T101.

Behind the viewfinder everything's
in front of you.

This shutter speed and lens apert-
ure indicators are right there next to
the picture you're framing.

And you don't have to re-align
aperture or ASA settings if you de-
cide to change any of the meter
coupled MC Rokkor lenses from
18mm ultra-wide angle to 1,000mm
super-telephoto.

Now that's fast handling. There's

nothing to slow your hands down.

Or just your eye. The line is coupled
to the light meter so the diaphragm
stays open and the viewfinder stays
bright until you shoot. You'll see the
light with the unique Minolta SR-T

101 through the view's 22° exposure
meter, our contrast light compen-
sator that reads the whole picture
and then compensates to make sure
you can see what's hiding in the

shadows.

Look through the SR-T101. You
can put your hands on one with your
choice of 1/1.7, 1/1.4 or 1/1.2 named
lens at any good camera shop in
the world.

For more information and jour-
nales on the Minolta system write:
Anglophoto Ltd., Consumer Products
Div. (Dept. 10, 160 Grosvenor Street,
Montreal 376 P.Q.

Minolta SR-T 101

Constructive Credit at work:

one of a series about how Canadian business and industry use financing wisely to gain and grow.



What gets it off the ground?

Helicopters do so many jobs these days, you're liable to find one anywhere. It may be monitoring traffic over a Canadian city or ferrying supplies into a mining camp. What force gets these whirlybirds off a company's project list and into the air where they belong? It's constructive credit, supplied in many instances by the IAC Industrial Division.

This is just one example of how Canadian business and industry make wise use of financing to gain and grow. It can work for your company too, whether you need vehicles, equipment, machinery, buildings... you name it. Because IAC is owned and managed by Canadians, we are especially proud to be the supplier of constructive credit to many of Canada's soundest companies and citizens.

IAC

- a credit to Canadians since 1925.



"No sir, Mr. Detweiler, you're not interrupting at all."

That's how your independent insurance agent built his business — by being there when you need him.

You are his first concern. He is independent of company ties and can serve you better because of it. He places business with a number of insurance

companies. He knows their individual strengths. He takes a professional pride in advising you on the one that can best fill your needs.

And when you have a claim on your automobile, home or business, it's his responsibility to help you get satisfaction quickly.



See your independent agent or broker for all your insurance needs.



Animals in their cages get bored. Men at the office and women in suburbia get bored, too. For all, life becomes a search for stimulus. This is how it is in...

the human ZOO

With publication of *The Naked Ape*, zoologist **DESMOND MORRIS** set a best-selling pattern of inquiry into the comparison of human and animal behavior—a pattern followed in such books as *The Territorial Imperative*, *On Aggression* and *Men In Groups*. In this exclusive excerpt from Morris's forthcoming book, he shows how modern man needs challenge as urgently as does the monkey in the cage

WHEN A MAN IS REACHING retirement age he often dreams of sitting quietly in the sun. By relaxing and taking it easy he hopes to stretch out an enjoyable old age. If he manages to fulfill his mid-set dream, one thing is certain: he will not lengthen his life, he will shorten it. The reason is simple—he will have given up the Struggle Struggle. In the human zoo this is something we are all engaged in during our lives and if we abandon it, or buckle it badly, we are in serious trouble.

The object of the struggle is to obtain the optimum amount of stimulation from the environment. This does not mean the maximum amount. It is possible to be over-stimulated as well as under-stimulated. At some point between the two there is the ideal level, and it is obtaining this level in relation to our whole existence that is the goal of the Struggle Struggle.

Our early tribal ancestor did not find this such a difficult problem. The demands of survival kept him busy. It required all his time and energy to stay alive, to find food and water, to defend his territory, to avoid his enemies, to breed and rear his young and to

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TAME A POLARIS ON THE PONDEROSA

Wax a trip for two to the Ponderosa Ranch of "Bonanza" TV fame. Register at your Polaris dealer.

ZOO continued

every individual on to such high planes of experience that the rewards are endless. Here we move from the realm of occupational taxes to the exciting world of the fine arts, philosophy and the pure sciences. These have the great value that they not only effectively combat under-stimulation, but also make maximum use of man's most spectacular physical property — his gigantic brain.

Because of the vast importance these activities have assumed in our civilization, we tend to forget that they are in a sense no more than devices of the Struggle Struggle. Like take-and-take or chess, they help us pass the time. This is man the creature playing for all he is worth. When we study the reactions of animals, bites to symphonies, read poetry, watch ballet, or look at paintings, we can only marvel at the lengths to which mankind has pushed the Struggle Struggle.

4. If stimulation is too weak, you may increase your behavior output by producing animal responses to subnormal stimuli.

This is the overflow principle. If the internal urge to perform some activity becomes too great, it can "overflow" in the absence of the external objects that normally provoke it.

Objects that in the wild state would never rouse a reaction are given the full treatment in the bleak zoo environment. Wild monkeys do not masturbate because of coprophagy. If there is no food to chew, their faeces will do. If there is no territory to patrol, then masturbate copulating will do it a better thing nothing.

5. If stimulation is too weak, you may increase your behavior output by artificially magnifying selected stimuli.

This principle concerns the creation of "super-normal stimuli" — it operates on the simple premise that if natural, normal stimuli produce normal responses, then super-normal stimuli should produce super-normal responses. This idea has been put to great use in the human zoo, but it is rare in the animal zoo. Students of animal behavior have devised a number of super-normal stimuli for experimental animals, but the accidental occurrence of the phenomenon is limited to only a few examples.

Oyster catchers, for instance, are ground-nesting birds. If one of their eggs rolls out of the nest, it is pulled back in with a special action of the beak. If quarry eggs are placed near the nest, the birds will pull them in, too. If artificial dummy eggs of different sizes, the birds always prefer the biggest one. They cannot help reacting to a super-normal stimulus.

Marigold-pink chicks, when they lay for

If nature doesn't stimulate us enough, we 'improve' on nature — with padding, wigs or miniskirts

food from their parents, peck at a brightly red spot that is situated near the tip of the adult bird's bill. The parents respond to this pecking by regurgitating food for their young. The red spot is the visual signal. It was discovered that the chicks would even peck at flat cardboard models of their parents' heads. By a series of tests it was found that the other details of the adult head were unimportant. The chicks would peck at a red spot by itself. Furthermore, if they were offered a stick with three red spots on it, they would actually peck more at that than at a complete and realistic model of their parents. The stick with the three red spots was a super-normal stimulus.

Clearly, it is possible to improve on nature, a fact some have found distasteful. But the reason is simple: each animal is a complex system of compromises. The conflicting demands of survival pull it in different directions. It, for example, is too brightly colored, it will be detected by its predators. If it is too darkly colored, it will be unable to attract a mate. And so on. Only when the pressures of survival are artificially reduced can this system of compromises be relaxed.

Domesticated animals, for instance, are protected by man and no longer need fear their predators. Without risk, their dull colors can be replaced by pure white, glossy pigments and other vivid patterns. But if they were turned loose again in their natural habitat, they would be so conspicuous that they would quickly fall prey to their natural enemies.

Like his domesticated cousin, the super-normal male can also afford to ignore the survival necessities of natural stimuli. He can monopolize stimuli, exaggerate them and distort them to his heart's content. By increasing their strength artificially — by creating super-normal stimuli — he can give an enormous boost to his responsiveness. In his super-normal world he is like an oyster catcher surrounded by giant eggs.

Everywhere you look you will find evidence of some kind of super-normal stimulation. We like the colors of flowers, so we breed bigger and brighter

ones. We like the rhythm of human intercourse, so we develop gymnastic — like the taste of food, so we make it spicier and tastier. We like certain smells, so we manufacture stronger perfumes. We like a comfortable surface to sleep on, so we construct super-normal beds with springs and mattresses.

We can start by examining our appearance — our clothes and our cosmetics. Many male dressers include shoulder padding, which adds a super-normal quality to a man's masculinity. Similarly, there is an aggressive costume in crowed by some form of tall headdress, creating the impression of super-normal height.

If males wish to appear super-normally young, they may want liposuction to cover their bald heads, false teeth to fill their aging mouths, and corns to hold in their sagging bellies. Young executives who wish to appear super-normally old have been known to indulge in artificial greying of their graying hair.

The female sex strengthens her sexual signals by exaggerating her sexual features. She can nurse, ped, paint, or replace her breasts in a variety of ways. By tightening her waist she can throw into contrast the width of her hips. The one she also ped out her buttocks and her legs.

A growth change that accompanies the maturation of the female is the lengthening of the legs in relation to the rest of the body. Long legs and a mature voice to equal sexuality and morphologically lengthy legs become sexually appealing. They cannot, of course, become super-normal stimuli themselves, being natural objects (although long heels will do a little), but they can be lengthened and made more attractive by the use of artificial means. Measurements of drawings of female models reveal that the girls are usually portrayed with unsexually long legs. The recent fashion for very short skirts owes its sexual appeal, not simply to the exposure of bare flesh, but also to the impression of longer legs it gives.

A glancing array of super-normal stimuli can be found in the trend of female advertising. The ideal advertising skin is universally attractive sexually. Its smoothness can be exaggerated by powder and creams. At times, when it has been important to show that a female did not have to toil in the sun, her complexion added her by ensuring a super-normal situation for her visible skin. When conditions changed and it became imperative for her to reveal that she could afford the leisure to be in the sun, then tanning of the skin became an asset. Once again her advertisers were there to provide her with super-normal browsing. At other periods, in the past, it was ex-



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ZOO continued

parent that the displayed hair hesitation, and the super-normal flash of rage was added. Another feature of her skin is that it is less hairy than that of the adult male. Here again, a super-normal effect can be achieved by various losses of definition, the two hairs being shaved or stepped from the legs, or painfully plucked from the face. Add to all this her super-normal eye reduction, lipstick, and various perfume and cosmetic smells, even apple rouge, and it is easy to see how hard we make the super-normal principle of the Simulacra Struggle.

The modern pharmacy is bulging with super-normal stimuli of many kinds. There are sleeping pills to produce super-normal sleep, pop pills to produce super-normal alertness, laxatives to produce super-normal defecation, toilet preparations to produce super-normal body cleaning, and toothpastes to produce a super-normal smile. Thanks to man's ingenuity there is hardly any natural activity that cannot be provided with some form of artificial boost.

An essential feature of a super-normal stimulus is that it need not involve an exaggeration of all the elements of the actual stimulus on which it is based. The sperm catcher responded to a dummy egg that was super-normal in only one respect — in size. Its shape, color and texture it was similar to a natural egg. The experiment with the red cloth went one step further. There, the vital red spots were exaggerated and, as addition, the other features of the parent figure, the transparent eyes, were diminished.

Double glaucous was likewise taking place, magnification of the essential stimulus and, at the same time, diminution of the unessential ones. In the experiment this was done merely to demonstrate that the red spots alone were sufficient to trigger the reaction. Nevertheless, taking the step must also have helped in focusing more attention on the red spots by removing interferences. With away from super-normal stimuli the dual process has been employed with great effect. It can be explained in an additional, subsidiary principle for the Simulacra Struggle.

This states that when selected stimuli are exaggerated artificially to become super-normal stimuli, the effect can be further enhanced by reducing other (more selected or unselected) stimuli. By simultaneously reducing unselected stimuli in this way, the super-normal stimuli appear relatively stronger. This is the principle of stimulus contrast.

If we wish to be entertained by books, plays, films, or songs, we automatically subject ourselves to this procedure. It is

the very essence of the process we call dramatization. Everyday actions performed as they happen in real life would not be exciting enough. They have to be exaggerated. In the more stylized performances, such as operas and radio-dramas, the direct forms of exaggeration are more important and it is noticeable to see how far the voices, the costumes, the gestures, the action and the plot can stray from reality and yet still make a powerful impact on the human brain.

Children's toys, dolls and puppets delineate the same principle very vividly. A rag-doll's face, for example, has certain important features exaggerated and when created. The same is true of the children's own drawings. In portrayals of the human body, those features that are important to them are enlarged, those that are unimportant are reduced or omitted.

The function of stimulus contrast in the sex test is the way these exaggerations vary from case to case and place to place, and in the way modifications develop new forms of humanity and balance. In the modern world, exaggerated ideas have become more important than the actual things themselves. The exaggeration of this type of visual exaggeration, and a specialized form of it is to be found in the art of caricature. The expert caricaturist picks out the naturally exaggerated features of his patron's face and deftly super-normalizes them, already existing exaggerations. At the same time he reduces the more inconspicuous features. The magnification of a large nose, for example, can have an effect that is made up with its dimensions doubled or even tripled, without making the face unrecognizable. Indeed it makes it even more recognizable. The point is that we all identify individuals by comparing them to our minds with an idealized "typical" human face. In drawing a successful caricature, the artist has to know relatively which features we have selected in this way, and he then has to super-normalize the strong points and sub-normalize the weak ones.

I have defined a super-normal stimulus as an artificial exaggeration of a natural stimulus but the concept can also

We writing
the last drop of
stimulation out of
anything we can lay our
hands or eyes on

be applied in a special way to sexual stimuli.

Let us take two clear-cut cases. The peak lips of a beautiful girl are a perfectly natural, biological stimulus. If the exaggeration then by painting them a brighter pink, she is obviously converting them into a super-normal stimulus. There the case is simple, and it is the sort of example I have been concentrating on up to now.

But what about the sight of a shiny new motorcar? This can be very stimulating, too, but it is an entirely artificial, sexual stimulus. There is no natural, biological model against which we can compare it to find out if it has been super-normalized, and yet, as we look around at various motorcars, we can easily pick out some that seem to have the quality of being super-normal. They are bigger and more dramatic than most of the others. Manufacturers of motorcars, we are told, are concerned with producing super-normal stimuli as a result of the quality of the car. The situation is more fluid, because there is no natural, biological base line against which to work. Once a new stimulus has been invented, it develops a base line of its own. At any point in the history of motorcars it would be possible to produce a sketch of the typical common and therefore normal one of the period. It would also be possible to produce a sketch of the outstanding luxury motorcar of the period which, at that time, was the super-normal vehicle. The only difference between the two and the lipstick example is that the "normal base line" of the motorcar designer would never be a program when the natural peak lips stay the same.

The application of the super-normal principle is therefore widespread and penetrates almost all our modern-day mass weapon supplies. Trained from the dimensions of visual stimuli, we sense the last drop of stimulation out of anything we can lay our hands or eyes on. We are bound to admit, as Oscar Wilde said, that "nothing is more beautiful than the way in which we do it." The answer is that we bring into operation yet another subsidiary principle of the Simulacra Struggle.

This states that, because super-normal stimuli are so powerful and our response to them can be exhausted, we must from time to time vary the elements that are selected for magnification. In other words, we ring the changes. When a switch of the sort occurs it is usually dramatic, because a whole field is reversed. It does not, however, mean a particular branch of the Simulacra Struggle being pursued in merely shifts the

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ZOO, continued

points of super-zooism emphases. Nowhere is this more clearly illustrated than in the world of fashionable clothing.

In female costumes, where sexual display is paramount, this has given rise to what fashion experts refer to as the Law of Shifting Ergonomic Zones. Technically, an ergonomic zone is an area of the body that is particularly well supplied with nerve endings responsive to touch, direct stimulation of which is sexually arousing. The main areas are the genital region, the breasts, the navel, the collarbone, the buttocks and the thighs. The neck, the temples and the navel are sometimes added to the list.

The Law of Shifting Ergonomic Zones is concerned with the way in which concentration on one area gives way to concentration on another as time passes and fashions change. If the modern female emphasizes one zone for too long, the attraction soon off into a new super-zooist stimulus is required to maintain interest.

In recent times the two main zones, the breasts and the pelvic area, have remained largely concealed, but have been emphasized in various ways. One is by padding or augmenting the clothing to exaggerate the shapes of these regions. The other is by approaching them as closely as possible with areas of exposed flesh. When this emphasis creeps up on the breast region, with acceptably low-cut costumes, it usually sweeps away from the pelvic region, the dress becoming longer. When the zone of interest shifts and the skirt becomes shorter, the neckline rises. On occasions when both methods have been possible, exposing the navel, the other zone has usually been rather well covered, often to the extent of the legs being concealed with some sort of tights.

The great problem for fashion designers is that their super-zooist stimuli are related to basic biological functions. As there are only a few vital zones, this creates a strict limitation and forces the designers into a series of dangerously repetitive cycles. Only with great ingenuity can they overcome the difficulty. But there is always the last region to play with. Earlobes can be emphasized with earrings, necks with neckties, the feet with makeup.

The Law of Shifting Zones applies here, too, and it is noticeable that when eye makeup becomes particularly striking and heavy, the legs usually become paler and less defined.

Male fashion experts follow a rather different course. This male in recent times has been more concerned with displaying his status than his sexual

Cexy is what fashion decides should be bared—but fashion has a fickle eye

features. High status means access to leisure, and the most characteristic costumes of leisure are sporting clothes. Students of fashion history have unearthed the revealing fact that practically everything once worn today can be classified as "ex-sports clothes."

The system works like this. At any particular moment in recent history there has always been a highly functional costume to go with the high-status part of the day. To wear such a costume indicates that you can afford the time and money to indulge in such a sport. This status display can be super-necessitated by wearing the costume as ordinary day clothes, even when not pursuing the particular sport in question, thus multiplying the display by spending it. The signals emanating from the sports clothes say, "I am very leisureed," and they can say this almost as well for a nonworking man who cannot afford to participate in the sport itself. After a while, when they have become completely accepted as everyday wear, they lose their impact, then a new sport has to be needed for its unusual costume. High-status sports available for riding in the late 19th century were shooting, fishing and golf. Billycock hats became bowlers and shooting tweeds became check lounge suits. As the present century has advanced the lounge suit has become more accepted of formal day wear and has become more visible to the masses.

Once the lounge suit had lost its daring, it had to be replaced in its turn by something more obviously sporting. Hunting suits have dropped out of favor, but shooting, as general riding, retained a high-status value, so here we go again. This time it was the hacking jacket that soon became known as a "sports jacket." Ironically, it only acquired this name when it lost its true sporting function. It became the new casual wear for everyday use and still holds this position at the present time.

At the sports jacket spread into everyday life the polo-necked sweater spread with it. Polo was another very high-status sport, and the wearing of the typical polo-necked sweater of the genre ar-

rived instant status to the lucky wearer.

Other similar trends have occurred during the past 50 years. Yachting blazers with brass buttons have been worn by men who have never stepped off dry land. Leisure suits have been worn by men (and women) who have never seen a snow-capped mountain. Just to lag as a particular sport is exclusive and costly, it will be added for its costume signals. During the present century, leisure sports have been replaced by leisure (even) by the habit of taking off for the pleasures of warmer climates. This began with a craze for the French Riviera. Visitors there began copying the sweaters and shirts of the local fishermen. Immediately, a whole new range of casual clothes burst on to the market. In America, it became fashionable for wealthy, high-status males to own a ranch in the country where they would dress in modified cowboy suits. Soon, many a young ranchman city dweller was striding along in his (her) modified cowboy suit.

None of this, you may feel, explains the bizarre clothing of the way-out male teenager, who wears creases, long hair, neckties, flared trousers, innards bunched about, naked trousers and bearded skins.

What kind of sport is he modifying? There is nothing mysterious about the mismodest female teenager. All she has done, apart from showing her erogenous zone in her thighs, is to take an unmoderated lead out of the male's fashion book, and steal a sports costume for everyday wear. The trends start of the 1930s and the re-erasing skirt of the 1940s were already full-bladed newsmen. It only remains for young men to begin wearing sweaters for everyday wear, and the flamboyant young male, what on earth is he doing? The answer seems to be this. While the young, although of a "subculture" of youth, it is because necessary to develop an identity with someone to go with it, one that owed as little as possible to the variations of the hated "adult subculture." Since in the "youth subculture" there is no do with money and much more to do with sex appeal and virility.

This has meant that the young males have begun to dress more like females, not because they are effeminate (a popular joke of the older group), but because they are most concerned with sex-appeal displays. We should also be surprised if the outcast males in the present decade were to report none. We may also see the return of albatross neck making. It is hard to say how long this phase will last because it will probably be copied by older males. ■



Almost everything we hear today, then, is the result of this Stimulus-Struggle principle of rigging the changes to produce the shock effect of sudden novelty. What is considered to be daring today becomes ordinary tomorrow and so forth the next day.

Up to this point we have been considering the five principles of the Stimulus-Struggle that are concerned with raising the behavior output of the individual. Obviously the seventh trend is called for. Where this happens the sixth and final principle comes into operation.

6. If stimulation is too strong, you may reduce your behavior output by dumping down responsiveness to incoming stimulation.

This is the causal principle. Some animals find their confinement frightening and stressful, especially when they are newly arrived, moved to a fresh cage, or faced with hostile or unusual animals or an agonized condition. They may react from abnormal over-stimulation. When this happens and they are unable to escape or hide they react somehow outside all the ordinary trends. They may do this simply by closing their eyes and closing their eyes. Excessive, prolonged sleeping is a device also used by animals, both animals and humans also occurs as a more extreme form of coping. But they cannot creep or sleep forever.

When the animal reacts that way, it is almost to avoid contact by performing "stereotypies." These are ritualized, repetitive patterns of twitching, rocking, jumping, swaying or turning, which, because they have become so familiar that they carry no meaning, have almost become comforting. The point is that for the over-stimulated animal the environment is so strange and frightening that any seeing, no matter how small, requires a calming effect.

It is the nature of the human soul to become grossly over-stimulated, be too little back on the causal principle. When every different stimuli are blurring away and conflicting with one another, the situation becomes unbearable. If we can control ourselves to avoid this, we can control ourselves to avoid the usual way usually prevent this.

As animals we react to stimuli with We take tranquillizers, sleeping pills (sometimes so heavy that we cut off for periods of time) alcohol, and a variety of drugs. This is a variant of the Stimulus-Struggle which we can call Chemical Drowning. To understand why, it will help to take a closer look at natural drowning.

If we are over-stimulated during the

When we are bombarded with more sensations than our minds can take, we must switch off—or we break down

day, our brain takes in a mass of new information, much of it conflicting and difficult to classify, we go to bed to reach the same condition as the chaotic office was left at the end of the working day. But we are luckier than the overworked office staff. At night someone comes into the office inside our skull and does everything out, like a steady sweep and clean up the office ready for the onslaught of the next day. In the brain of the human animal this process is what we call dreaming. We may obtain physical rest from sleep, but little more than we could get from lying awake all night. But awake we could not dream properly. The sensory function of sleeping, then, is dreaming rather than resting our weary limbs.

If daytime living becomes too frenzied, if we are too intensely over-stimulated, the ordinary dreaming mechanism becomes too severely taxed. This leads to a preoccupation with memories and the dangerous pursuit of Chemical Drowning in the stupors and trances of chemically induced states. We vaguely hope that the drugs will create a realm of the dreamlike state. But although they may be effective in helping to switch off the chaotic input from the outside world, they do not actually allow us to avoid in the positive domain function of sorting and filing. When they wear off, the temporary negative relief vanishes and the positive problem remains in its full force.

Another variation is the pursuit of what we call Meltdown Drowning, in which the desperate state is achieved by certain thought disciplines, yoga or otherwise. This is a suicidal, suicidal condition produced by yoga, hypnosis, hypnosis and certain magical and religious practices of some certain features in common. They usually involve sustained rhythmic repetition, either vocal or physical, and are followed by a condition of dissociation from the outside world. In this way they can help to cut down the input and usually conflicting input that is being suffered by the over-stimulated individual.

If the human animal fails to escape from a prolonged state of over-stimula-

tion, he is liable to fall sick, mentally or physically. Stress diseases or nervous breakdowns may, for the luckier ones, provide their own cure. The invalid is limited, by his incapacity, to switch off the massive input his sick bed becomes his usual hiding place.

It is easy enough to understand how the modern super-reflexive man can come to suffer from this overstimulated state. As a species, we originally became intensely active and exploratory in connection with our special survival demands. The difficult side of our hearing sensors had to play instead of it. Now, with the environment continuously under control, we are left with our vast ancient system of high activity and high capacity. Although we have reached a stage where we could easily afford to be back and rest more often and more frequently we simply cannot do it. Instead, we are forced to pursue the Stimulus-Struggle. Some day it is a new pattern for us, we are not very expert performers and we are constantly going either too far or not far enough.

It is interesting that we are much less sympathetic toward a man who fails to adjust to a low level of activity than we are to one who fails to adjust to a high level. A bored and listless man seems to more than a harassed and overburdened one. Both are failing to meet the Stimulus-Struggle differently. Both are liable to become irritable and hot-headed, but we are much more prone to forgive the overworked man. The reason for this is that pushing the level up a little too high is one of the things that keeps our civilization advancing. It is the intensity of the overwork which will be the cause of the great innovations and will change the face of the world to which we live.

You may remember that at the outset I told the reader of the game we play. What we aimed to win or lose is our happiness, in extreme cases our sanity. The over-exploratory innovationist should therefore, according to this, be compassionately whipped and even show a tendency to suffer from overwork. Bearing in mind the goal of the Stimulus-Struggle, we should predict that, despite their greater achievements, such men and women must frequently live unhappy and discontented lives. History tends to confirm that this is so. Our job is then to encourage them to find a way to switch off. In this way we show toward their frequently moody and wayward behavior. We intuitively recognize that it is an inevitable outcome of the cat-and-mouse game in which they are pursuing the Stimulus-Struggle. □

A U.S. CONGRESSMAN'S ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST TRUDEAU

CONGRESSMAN John R. Rarick, a second son of Democrats from Louisiana, is best known in the U.S. as a research, a supporter of Left wing's Third Party candidate, George Wallace and as a self-acknowledged racist. I haven't met anyone named Rarick. He says, "I think every white man should have one." Stripped by Democrats of his congressional seat among other the election, because of his support for Wallace, Rarick, who was once the world's most influential racist, has acquired a certain notoriety as Claude H. Rarick because of his racist steps. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

A keen reader of Canadian publications, Rarick has taken it upon himself to inform the U.S. the extent of a man who takes our Canadian politics. The project has involved of preparing the Congressional Record with annotations from the best literature produced by Rarick. Rarick's Canadian Intelligence Service in Washington, Ontario, says anything he can scrape from the Canadian press to bolster his view that Trudeau is a racist and before Canadians.

On January 18, for example, Rarick told the Congress that Trudeau "checked off" pro-Communists who believe in "a violent theory under God while in London, he confessed he found 'no' contains a fine line in a better world as it is a reference to Communism. Rarick was a long Ottawa, Ontario, story from the Communist's conference in London as which Trudeau quoted his conclusion that way. "If we could all be saints we'd have a [Communist] fan we're."

The Congressional Record also contains such dire periods as these called from a Canadian Intelligence Service summary 1949 introduced in Rarick's opening ground of Latin Americans, 1951, interrupted by U.S. Coast Guard while trying to reach Cuba in a canoe.

Rarick's reported state of Trudeau's is even more apparent off the Rarick line on a study map of 45 in a study and self-motivated. He is only said in Rarick's Washington newspaper that Trudeau was "a Canadian Coast Guard" in his Red Cross. He pointed out that "spotted Trudeau into Canada down here in the United States to visit with our President. Canada had better wake up to Trudeau or he'll shift on Canada's doorstep. I hope he'll get his hands broken and his head broken with those Communist Communists." Under then — of the House of Representatives Rarick had his way — the U.S. would have a Communist problem and Canada would be included from NATO. □

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CANADIANS YOU SHOULD KNOW

The expatriate American who built an underground railway to Canada

The phone rang at 3 a.m. in Wilton Spiro's home in suburban Toronto. The voice at the other end sounded American and frightened. The young man told Spiro he was in danger of being re-arrested — could Spiro do anything? Spiro told the boy to come to his home where they'd see what he could do. The boy hung up, promising to come. He never arrived.

Telling the story, Wilton Spiro still sadly shakes his head. Looking more like an overweight septuagenarian than a friend of the New York Times, Spiro is a kind of one-man immigration department for American draft-dodgers and deserters. Largely by word-of-mouth, he has become *Our Man in Canada* for hundreds of young men unable to live in the political mood of the U.S. at war. Spiro estimates there are about 60,000 draft-age Americans in Canada, including 3,500 deserters.

Spiro himself left the U.S. for Canada in 1955. "I couldn't stand the atmosphere in the McCarthy group," he says. "The attitude seemed to be: 'Our guys are the reddest and our character was the worst.' The FBI was constantly questioning everybody."

Now a Canadian citizen, Spiro has opposed the war in Vietnam since it began. Three years ago he decided one way to help end the war was to help those trying to avoid fighting in it as he opened his home as an information source for more arrivals. The word spread. "About a year ago," he recalls, "I had 13 boys staying at my place at one time. That's when I knew I needed a newspaper." Today, he has a list of some 800 Canadians willing to take in temporary guests.

A few months ago, Spiro gave up



his presidency in three firms to concentrate full-time on his organizing work. With two sons, eight and 10 years old still at home, he with teaches high school languages to help make ends meet.

In spite of his stand on Vietnam, Spiro is no pacifist. He volunteered in World War II. Asked if he would fight for Canada, he says, "It depends on the cause. I'd fight the Nazis but not the Vietnamese."

Ironically, Spiro's activities attract

attacks on his motives, but time has taught him to live with them. "All in the company," he smiles. "Sure I am. The only trouble is that Canadians aren't. You should ask me if I'm a Christian. The answer is sure I am but the trouble is the Christians aren't."

So far, only four of Spiro's guests have made a successful transition into society. As for the rest, Bartley, as always, is realistic. "I can't tell myself that I'm going to get 25 out of 75. That's wishful thinking. All I can do is plant a seed of truth about themselves — that is, that they alone are responsible for what they are. Once we get them to accept that, all we can do is hope for the best. The rest is up to them."

The 52-time loser who helps others win



At 34, George Barton has left one third of his life behind him, most of it, as he describes himself, "as a phony brick baton who didn't care for anybody except himself." Now, he is making up for lost time in a hurry: for the past two years, George and his 25-year-old companion Sharon (above) have thrown open their home in suburban Montreal to a constant rain of visitors, students and houseguests — anyone, in fact, "who reaches out for help."

So far, some 75 people have sought out the warm, Barton calls, "Lila Sivert." He takes nothing of his guests except that they respect the household. They stay as long as they feel a need. Money comes from Barton's occasional work in construction and from Sharon's unemployment cheques. In two years, Barton has managed to scrape up \$200 in donations.

Barton himself was almost the last brick baton but he ran up a score of 52 convictions, ranging from break-and-enter to robbery in attempted murder. Three years ago, he found himself at the bottom end of a nine-month drinking binge on St. Francis's last row. Desperate, he called Kathleen Aspinwall, "After that," he recalls, "I felt like for the first time in my life." Soon after, he started Lila Sivert.

With a \$25,000 pre-production grant from the Canadian Film Development Corporation, he is planning his next film, *Between*, a love story, publishing American super-hero and student rebellion and an adaptation of the Greek myth from *Antony*.

So far, only four of Lila Sivert's guests have made a successful transition into society. As for the rest, Barton, as always, is realistic. "I can't tell myself that I'm going to get 25 out of 75. That's wishful thinking. All I can do is plant a seed of truth about themselves — that is, that they alone are responsible for what they are. Once we get them to accept that, all we can do is hope for the best. The rest is up to them."

The movie-maker who made it in Europe, but was banned in Vancouver

The shooting movie has a long and heroic history in English Canada and the ones who wrote it have included Sidney Furze and names read like Larry Rost. So, we may have the chance to see for ourselves whether the latest of the shooting producers, 25-year-old Morrie Ruvinsky, deserves a place on the leader roll.

Ruvinsky's one-hour-and-30-minute movie, *The Plastic Mile*, was chosen for screening at the Berlin and Edinburgh Festivals this summer, based (for an explicit rape scene) from Barrymore's husband's Vancouver Festival, and is about to be commercially distributed throughout Europe. *Mile* may be seen in Canada later this year.

"Distributors say the bloom is off the all-nude business over here, but they are all worried about losing money," says Ruvinsky.

Ruvinsky was a film critic who set out to show how it should be done. After a couple of short shorts, he and friends found one of movie history's most impossible goals — *The Bank of Montreal*, whose University of British Columbia computer-graphics manager sent up the last \$5,000. Ruvinsky put up \$13,000 of his own, actors and technicians worked for a share of the profits, and the balance of the \$130,000 cost Ruvinsky raised by a further bank loan and from friends in the U.S.

Mile is a tender story. Ruvinsky was learning to be a writer and poet, a remembrance of Godard, Fellini, Antonioni. Despite its pictures, however, it remains accessible — the story of a movie-director's alienation from his work, his wife and the world. Ruvinsky, who wears a straight beard and pure white shirt and is used to friends to have an "elementary scene," emphasizes that the film is not anti-establishment.

With a \$25,000 pre-production grant from the Canadian Film Development Corporation, he is planning his next film, *Between*, a love story, publishing American super-hero and student rebellion and an adaptation of the Greek myth from *Antony*.

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The Indian Grandma Moses of rug-making

If the white-man's wars are destroying the culture of the Indian, 92-year-old Martha Moses doesn't know it. Martha, a Seneca who lives on the Standing Buffalo reserve outside the town of the Spirit Lake in Saskatchewan, once called the Seneca Hand-woven Cord.

"If it hadn't been for Martha we'd have had no co-op," says Loren Ferguson, the white woman who first conceived the idea.

Together with four other old women, Martha is the head of the Seneca Cord, legends and designs that the 17 younger co-op women work into hand-woven tapestry. They share the profits from the rugs, which are sold through art galleries in Toronto, Montreal and New York. So far, the women have created 152 designs, no two alike and Martha herself has made seven rugs in the past two years. At a domestic-provincial conference in Winnipeg, Saskatchewan, Premier Thatcher picked out one Seneca Hand-woven rug as a present for the visiting premiers. They were Martha's.

She guarantees an enviable independent life. But her own bread does her own dish and wait. The only white woman's food she allows herself to eat is meat and ice cream, which she keeps in her refrigerator, one of the few in the reserve.

In spite of the co-op's success, Martha doesn't see its importance as a money-maker. Instead, she works to give to the staff of the post to the younger generation and has started classes in tanning and beadwork for the co-op women.

"I always tell the children the old ways," says Martha, a mother of 10. "I worry that they grow up without knowing that they are worth something."



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THE CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 44

*Mad we but world enough and time,
This scepter'd isle, were so crown'd —
But at my back I always hear
Your wasted chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor in thy marble vault shall dwell
My crumbling bones, thou never shall say
This long preserved virginity
And your guests' house here to shut,
And into other all my love
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think, do there embrace ...*

This did Andrew Marvell contest his tiny nation back in the days when women were purely passive players of the game (or at least affected to be purely passive). Well, baby, you've come a long, long way since a was fashionable to long proscribe virginity. In this era of the Women's Liberation Movement and the New Feminism, the female of the species is openly the hunter as often as she is hunted. What the modern woman lacks, however, is an imagination hot of love poems addressed to men. Except for Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnets From The Portuguese, there is little in English romantic literature written from the female point of view. Readers are invited to provide a parody of Marvell's poem beginning with the couplet:

*Mad we but world enough and time,
This scepter'd isle, were so crown'd ...*

Entries should not exceed 20 lines and should be addressed to Contest No. 44, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto 101, Ont. The deadline is October 24.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 41

Readers were asked to translate any well-known passage of English prose or poetry into Yiddish — Yiddish-inflected English. The entries were few and generally unimpressive. Fifteen dollars to each of these efforts:

*To be or not to be, that is a question?
Better you should in the mind suffer
only.*

*First error of outrageous justice
That in the arc is put our eyes
in sleep.*

*And suppose there, maybe, to die
to sleep ...*

*Oy — an again. You think that sleep
should end already.*

*This brevity end the conciseness
itself!*

continued on page 102

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Andy Nabess is a Mike and a miner. The latter since 1949, except for a stint in the army. When he came out of the army he went back to what he knows best: Mining. And there he heard about our Thompson find. It didn't take Andy long to measure up the situation and come to the conclusion that Thompson was where he should be.

So he found a job with the construction company that was building our Thompson mine, his complex. If he was going to apply for a mining job with Inco he thought he might as well be right on the doorstep when we were ready to roll.

When we did begin operations, Andy Nabess joined us and started work underground. Today he is a safety supervisor for upwards of five hundred miners. A safety supervisor must be a leader. And he must have the respect of the men in the mine. Andy Nabess is well liked to the job.

He and four of his six brothers work at Thompson. Each one part of the team producing the nickel that is in vast demand all over the free world. The nickel that makes an important contribution to Canada's economy.



Andy has his family as his life now, is a Mike, a miner, and he is still doing a damn good job of a miner's job. He says it very much. "We look around here."

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From a bunker
in a Toronto
basement, the
guerrillas of
fiction
mount a new push

Actuary, declarative, pugilist on the national radio network says, *There's something happening here, what it is isn't nearly clear, and it speaks*

with the same casual porosity you find in the basement of a Victorian house on Toronto's Spadina Avenue, just the home of the publishing House of Anansi. It is where something is happening for the generation of writers young enough to assure Leonard Cohen is an established guest. The difficulty of novels — a handwritten sign on the house's locked front door directs you around the corner into a side street, down the second driveway on the right, through the back-garden gate, down the wooden steps, past the furnace room and the cardboard boxes stacked with George Grant's *Technocracy & Empire* — and the constant snuggles and goings of serious young people give it something of the feel of a bunker in the wings of Balgobind's fierce parodies of new writing plot during *Jenny's*. Here, at dawn, a young novelist rolls up his sleeping bag from the concrete floor of the furnace room and shouts that it isn't he underneath its central chamber. And here the café guerrillas, publisher Dennis Lee, issue an order-of-the-day: "We have one modest aim — to transform the climate in Canadian fiction, by letting the best young writers get into print, find an audience and get on with their next book."

The order announces the appearance this month of the first *Spyderline* Edition — five novels by unknown young Canadians, largely self-produced by the often process to sell at \$1.95 a piece. Lee is a poet, editor and telecaster who has just reached the semi-retirement age of 39 but is still the treated coeditor of young writers, who are sending him manuscripts at the rate of 400 a year and have convinced him that the novel is a developing form in both English and French Canada (see box).

Four of the first five *Spyderlines* are in English. In *Phobos*, by Peter Such, 30, a story of Elliot Lake at the beginning of the uranium slump of the late '50s, store

in an attraction of white and Indian characters and its sense of the madness of growing northwestern towns tearing up patterns of living with the rock and timber of the bush.

Eating Out, by John Sackman, 24, a stark study in human self-interest. An aging boss with the colloquial flow of a latter-day Damon Runyon simulates the attempted holiday of a Broadway looking stand. Everyone bangles his job: the holiday must flock himself rapping the counter, the cops forget what they came to prosecute. Underlying the farce, an uneasy sense of social disintegration — as when a policeman looks at his potential victim and mutters, "They're so sorry, Harry. There's so much sorrow for them in my."

Keweenaw, by Matt Cohen, 26, in which a confused Toronto lecturer reveals his two selves through letters in his journal. It has a distinctive tone of sales and shipping money ("We had come to love each other in a small sort of way") mixed by lapses into the precious and pretentious.

The tragedy of a man who didn't belong

THE PREDOMINANCE of a novel in literary French for us English Canadian readers does not appear, at first sight, the shrouded business plan that construction of the House of Anansi's mission for publishing French Canada's *Parole de Toronto* or its own *Spyderline* Editions suggests it is more than a romantic gesture. A growing number of young English Canadians are seriously attracted to the French language. The last comes with interest only in mind, and the first with its own sign — might it not stem from his father's suicide, his loneliness of a family deprived of assurance?

Gravel was raised and educated with the book-reading passion he knows as French people. When his nervous, Robert, finally began the anti-bureaucratic battle of a young of road-killers, he felt an intense impression *compromis de mortier* if *il n'est pas si en place*. He doesn't belong. In this novel the man's power and grip of the best man-on-the-run status, from *Crime and Punishment* to *Old Man* Over It is haunting and, perhaps, more

important for the Anglo readership, it reveals a truth in its parallel to a Quebec brother who is the member but a subtle man, relying his own decision. Nine chapters that were several days and positive — and he uses the word "joy" in reading the early French report — are closed as a subsequence. The sequence has gone with considerable derived interest. The one who deflected, interrupting the first book's death scene to see someone only in mind, and the first sign's own sign — might it not stem from his father's suicide, his loneliness of a family deprived of assurance?

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BOOKS

BY PHILIP SYKES



Anyway you drink it—
with fruit juices, in a Daiquiri,
on the rocks or with your
favorite soft drink, you'll
find BACARDI rum is the
mixable one

Another new season
and what have we got?
A Ho and a Hum and
a stylish dash
of creative inept



TELEVISION
BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

SOME, IF NOT ALL, of the new television shows this fall clearly suffer from the Clapnet syndrome. *Shakespeare* seemed it back in the 1959-67 season when, mixing Plinkov with a little Latin and some gonzo, he opened in London's Globe Theatre with *Antony and Cleopatra*. The plot had all of the lapidary considered essential today: a dash of culture (Romeo and Egyptian), militant feminism (Cleopatra's insouciant language may be the explanation for *Tri-Guns* Affinity), explicit homosexuality (Bardot knows a coded lurch when he turns it) and sophisticated masquerade (with an up yet). It also had epic heterosexual love and a coherent dramatic structure—two ingredients which are now somewhat less fashionable. Needless to say, it was a smash.

So much so, people have been imitating the play ever since Dryden, who thought himself the greater poet, produced his version, *All For Love*, in the 1690s. More than two centuries later Shaw, equally vain, took the theme again. Most recently, the mighty Twentieth Century-Fox studio found the plot so irresistible that it nearly went bankrupt realizing it as film. The bad thing about all the post-Shakespearean versions is this: judged in isolation, they weren't bad, competent, prize-worthy, sometimes inspired. Trouble was, it had already been done—and well done—before. The consequence? A perfunctory sequel (the for merit) followed by a long lull (for so what else is new).

Ho! Hallelujah. Thus, I regret, as my guess reaction to three of the new TV shows I am reviewing, *Take The Chance of Eddie's Father*, CTV's family-comedy import from the United States. It stars Bill Boly (whose performance improves immeasurably when acting with humor, brings either first or very Martin) as a widower lightly bedazzled with an acutely lovable six-year-old son and so respectable Japanese housekeeper Boko (like the son, sheltered by the housekeeper, constantly conspicuous Boly's already married life (he's a magazine editor) by playing the matchmaker).

Although derived from a feature film, it's not a bad little situation comedy as the Hollywood will grade that day. Two or three years ago it would have been cheered for its warmth and subtlety. Since then, however, we've had *Juke*—and it's hard to imagine a series just could be more attractive without, directly, obliquely, or cryptically, but keep your eye on *Eddie's Father*. The pilot episode displayed a certain amoral honesty that *Juke* has frequently lacked.

Similarly, CTV's *Departures* if it is a more stylish vehicle than the various syndicates that obviously inspired it. This British-made mystery drama, built around an *Interpol*-employed trio who investigate the unsolvable. Why was the pilot from Rome so dry? Well—and had legal solutions (The *Alphacore* style it). What we have here in *The Secret* with a fair point, *The Avengers* with fewer kinks, *The Champions* with no supernatural hooks and the said network with a dash of James Bond. *Four Wagners*, in fact, plays a character who is evidently Patrick Minton (head of *The Avengers*) playing the late like Fleming. That isn't just amusing, it's creative (even).

Which brings me reluctantly to the CBC's *McQueen* (aka *The Assassin*). What depression one it that even it is on, but *McQueen* is simply *Wojek* revisited. That *McQueen* is a portrait is almost incidental, at least he's the old wanderer we knew and loved. Perhaps the U.S. and Britain can afford to indulge in the Clapnet syndrome. They have writing talent to spare. But *Clapnet*, *Shaw*, even Twentieth Century-Fox's *Shaw* performers are conspicuously rare in Canadian TV. If the country can produce only one drama series a year, it should be wise what talent there is by simply re-creating *Shaw* without female. Perhaps we can't have it good. But let's at least be bold.

the only new Canadian-made drama series will be using this year. The reluctant heroes of the monthly series, many of the two half-hour episodes I saw. One was brave, tough and professional, well up to the standard set by *Wojek*. The other was not. It wasn't merely bad, it was embarrassing.

The acting isn't at fault. Ted Felson in the title role of a baggy-eyed newspaperman is a little larger than life—he's seldom without a drink—but he does look as if he occasionally swish out a deadline. And the supporting players, while all probably know their business. Nor is there much wrong with the production. The film-drama department has perfected a real-life location advantage that guarantees superb authenticity at a low cost. What created the consensus was the script. One episode was the product of a playwright, the other seemed to be the outpourings of a pamphleteer.

Curiously, it was the bad episode, which dealt with the draft-dodger problem, that could have delivered the most impact. But it took itself impossibly seriously, bowed clumsily as syndicators and staggered through so many clichés, that it was like fighting a different sort of war—that it began to resemble Soviet neo-realism. The other (and admittedly lighter) script starred Pat Galloway as a fake man who kills her husband in a telephone booth and others such delighted lines as "Which is worse, putting it on or taking it off for money?"

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Ted Felson as *McQueen* in an on-then mountain stock with an anti-hero



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If the theatre keeps on doing what it's doing, the only thing it will be laying in the aisles is a carpet



THE LIVELY ARTS

BY NAVOR MOORE

ONE SEPTIMAN, theatres and concert halls across the land ring with preparations for the new season — a time of anticipation against the spectre of what whisper beams every audience that ever was. "Will they come?" This year the preparations are more frantic, the whisper more ominous. Attendance everywhere is dropping.

When people come, the credit goes to managerial discernment. When they do not, the blame lies with the weather, the football game or the prices. December is too close to Christmas, January too precious, February too cold, March too close to Easter, April to exams, May to summer. And always television, too close to home.

Axons that those "who live to please most please to live," our performing organizations try our formula after another to woo their capricious public. But what does one do when even the gold-and-trust fails? If a play was produced on Broadway 10 years ago, says one cynic, "and made an extraordinary profit, was then done in summer stock nine years ago and was again a box-office success, it will now be done in the cheapest theatres at a sizable loss."

Our symphonies, operas and ballet organizations, with few hits as recent as 10 years to fall back on, perform 50- to 100-year-old triumphs — and at a sizable loss. Most groups, including theatres, take out insurance in the form of subscription seats sold in advance — but total subscriptions add up to no more than one-third of one percent of a city's population.

As the cities grow, even maintaining the status quo means lowering the proportion. A survey in Minneapolis found one percent of the public eager to theatre, three to 15 percent sometimes susceptible, and 89 to 96 percent disinterested or unable to attend.

As attendance goes down, costs go up — and so do the cries for greater public subsidy. So, inevitably, do the cries from the ages out of 10 taxpayers who are persuaded these activities hold nothing for them. And the politicians, applying rationing across the board, are not likely to accede to pleas from

a sector of the economy that so many, however mistakenly, consider a frill.

In our straitened circumstances it is odd that so little effort has been made to get at the facts of the case, and to present the facts to public and politicians alike. Who are the audiences in Canada? What are their habits and tastes? And — even more important — who is not among them, and why? The Ontario Theatre Study, to be published later this month under the apt title *The Ailing Stage* (McMahon Publications, Toronto), includes the first in-depth attempt to assess audience in one part of Canada, and its

"If people aren't buying there's no stopping them."

—*Interviewed for Market on theatre attendance*

findings may surprise even the Study's sponsors, the Province of Ontario Council for the Arts and the Canada Council.

Generalizing from the statistics, it is possible to say, for example, that where a wide choice is available more people go regularly to movies, plays, concerts, operas and ballet than to sports events. Or, if you count sports as less entertainment (which they usually are), more than twice as many people go to live events as attend films regularly. Those who prefer theatres also like films, operas, ballet and concerts — but sports fans are more apt to attend every thing they witness. Concerts are so popular as live plays, but they have a wider spectrum of patrons.

Significantly, young (and most often single) people go to live performances more regularly than their fathers, especially if they have a better education — but not necessarily a higher IQ. These findings should help destroy two myths: that live shows are frequented mainly by the elderly and middle-aged, and that their audiences are intellectually superior.

Another myth gets its come-uppance here: we learn that men are more ardent theatre-goers than women. If

women drag their escorts to plays, operas and ballet, the men are apparently going most willingly to the slaughter, in greater numbers than their spouses.

In Ontario, at least, regular theatre-goers come from the ranks of home-makers (most of the women), professionals, executives and labor, in that order. The head of the household is most often a professional, while labor is the occupation of the head of most nongoing households.

The average income for theatre-goers turns out to be between \$25,000 and \$33,000 a year, compared with an average income for nongoers of \$5,000 to \$7,000, those making more than \$20,000 are an likely to stay away as to go. But neither gives nor nongoers complain that theatre tickets are too expensive — which should dispose of another myth.

There are many lessons to be learned from the Ontario Theatre Study. I have only scratched the surface of one facet: the audience. The audience is young, well-educated and interested in a variety of activities. The point is that in the future there are going to be more young people in proportion to the population as a whole, and they will be even better educated, with access to a wider variety of activity. These are the very people who are already attracted to the live performing arts.

The main occupation of those not yet attracted appears to be labor — the very sector of society that is acquiring higher wages and more leisure time. We know now that lack of interest, rather than the price of tickets, explains their absence.

Could anyone wish, when you put them together, a better potential public? And are those in the performing arts doing their utmost to find out what might involve more people more deeply, instead of frittering in their lonely, narrowing cult?

When one has little to lose, that is a good time to gamble. But a good gambler begins by carefully studying the odds. The odds — which seem to be highly favorable — are clearly do not lie with old formulas designed for a former audience. It's a new game with new players. □



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No matter how hard other brands try — nothing else in all the world
tastes exactly like **Coke**.